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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Jack Sheppard; a Romance.* By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., author of "Rookwood" and "Crichton." With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

Or *Jack Sheppard*, which has just issued from the press, complete in three volumes, with extraordinary engravings by George Cruikshank (whether we consider them as performances of art or illustrations of men and manners), we spoke when its first sheets appeared as a contribution in "Bentley's Miscellany;" and we reprinted an example of the force, spirit, and interest which the writer had contrived to communicate to the history of a notorious criminal. Upon looking at the whole, several questions suggest themselves before pronouncing critical sentence upon the work. First, Is it necessary that every publication should be framed for the express purpose of pointing a moral? Secondly, Does *Jack Sheppard* succeed or fail in this object? And, thirdly, Do such subjects offer fair materials to exercise the talent of authors, and afford public gratification, without injury, to the public mind? To the first inquiry we think we are bound to concede, that, much as we value moral inculcation, to adhere to it as a *sine quâ non* would be to exclude a multitude of amusing, playful, imaginative, and innocent productions, which have ever been the enjoyment of cultivated society. To the second the reply would be, that, so long as human nature is human nature, and there is guilt as well as virtue, it may be as expedient to explore the lower and darker recesses of villainy as to develop the stilted crimes of tragedy in high places. Nay, as the former immediately affect and come in contact with the vast majority of our fellow-creatures, it is the more expedient to put the ignorant many on their guard against the seductions of common vice and the invasions of bold brutality. The main point, therefore, comes, after all, to be the treatment of the theme. Are we made to feel a deeper concern for the scoundrel and murderer than for the wronged and good?—is criminality made prosperous, and honour and honesty (alas! too often suffering in the real world) held up to disregard and odium?—is there no justice manifested in apportioning punishment and misery to the evil-doer, as the consequence of evil deeds, and awarding consolation, if not happiness, to the virtuous? If such were the gist of any plot and narrative, however striking for the talent with which they were contrived and wrought, we should at once condemn the book, and lament that an author capable of such things should have betrayed the cause, for the promotion of which Providence had gifted him with superior intelligence and endowments. But we find none of these offences in *Jack Sheppard*; and as Fielding has chosen "Jonathan Wild" as his "great man," to barb the keenest shafts of irony against crime, so do we think Mr. Ainsworth has, in an entirely different and more popular manner, elected his ruffian victim, *Jack Sheppard*, to demonstrate that there is no mortal *nulla virtute redemptum*; that depravity, however covered by bravado, is sure to entail

compunction and punishment; and that unequal as are the fates of the bad and the good, the preponderance of suffering rests with the former, and the balance of even earthly comfort with the latter class. Our author has curiously, though incidentally, supported this view, by supposing that Hogarth took the hint of his vigorous and impressive lesson of Industry and Idleness (in the two apprentices) from seeing *Jack Sheppard* previous to his execution, when his portrait was painted by Sir James Thornhill: may not we also guess that something of Mr. Ainsworth's story might have been suggested by Hogarth's pictures?

Gaolbirds and their associates are not, it is true, pleasant companions to contemplate; but had not a Howard and others undergone that task, where would have been the reforms in our prison-discipline and criminal jurisprudence? What a contrast do Mr. Ainsworth's vivid scenes present to the actual state of things in our day! See Cruikshank's inimitable procession of *Sheppard* to Tyburn; the buffoonery, the riot, the orgies, the triumph of Sin, the incitement to rapine and bloodshed; and compare them with the sad and solemn administration of the law, the change effected within a century; and say whether the upholding of the past to censure is not calculated to expedite the further improvement of the future! In fine, *Jack Sheppard* is

To all an example,  
To no one a pattern,

and an ignominious death is the just reward of an atrocious life. The touches of remorse and repentance with which it has pleased Mr. Ainsworth to invest his closing career, are worthy of much commendation, not only as finishing the humanity of his conception, but as doing homage to the invincible principles of conscience and retribution. Of the literary ability with which he has executed his design, we need say nothing, as it has been every where acknowledged; and for intense description and fearful interest, there are portions of this production which it would not be easy to surpass in our own or any other language. We shall only make one quotation as an example of the writer's power, though such proof is unnecessary for those who remember his description of Turpin's famous ride to York. It relates the destruction of Jonathan Wild's house:—

"The day appointed for the execution was now close at hand, and the prisoner, who seemed to have abandoned all hopes of escape, turned his thoughts entirely from worldly considerations. On Sunday he was conveyed to the chapel, through which he had passed on the occasion of his great escape, and once more took his seat in the condemned pew. The Rev. Mr. Purney, the ordinary, who had latterly conceived a great regard for Jack, addressed him in a discourse which, while it tended to keep alive his feelings of penitence, was calculated to afford him much consolation. The chapel was crowded to excess. But here—even here, the demon was suffered to intrude, and Jack's thoughts were distracted by Jonathan Wild, who stood at a little distance from him, and kept his bloodthirsty eyes fixed on him during the whole of the service. On

that night an extraordinary event occurred, which convinced the authorities that every precaution must be taken in conducting *Jack* to Tyburn,—a fact of which they had been previously made aware, though scarcely to the same extent, by the riotous proceedings near Westminster Hall. About nine o'clock an immense mob collected before the lodge at Newgate. It was quite dark; but, as some of the assemblage carried links, it was soon ascertained to be headed by the same party who had mainly incited the former disturbance. Amongst the ringleaders was *Blueskin*, whose swarthy features and athletic figure were easily distinguished. Another was Baptist Kettleby, and a third, in a Dutch dress, was recognised by his grizzled beard as the skipper, Van Galgebrok. Before an hour had elapsed, the concourse was fearfully increased. The area in front of the gaol was completely filled. Attempts were made upon the door of the lodge; but it was too strong to be forced. A cry was then raised by the leaders to attack Wild's house, and the fury of the mob was instantly directed to that quarter. Wrenched from their holds, the iron palisades in front of the thief-taker's dwelling were used as weapons to burst open the door. While this was passing, Jonathan opened one of the upper windows, and fired several shots upon the assailants. But, though he made *Blueskin* and Kettleby his chief marks, he missed both. The sight of the thief-taker increased the fury of the mob to a fearful degree. Terrific yells rent the air. The heavy weapons thundered against the door; and it speedily yielded to their efforts. 'Come on, my lads!' vociferated *Blueskin*, 'we'll unkennel the old fox.' As he spoke, several shots were fired from the upper part of the house, and two men fell mortally wounded. But this only incensed the assailing party the more. With a drawn cutlass in one hand, and a cocked pistol in the other, *Blueskin* rushed up-stairs. The landing was defended by Quilt Arnold and the Jew. The former was shot by *Blueskin* through the head, and his body fell over the banisters. The Jew, who was paralysed by his companion's fate, offered no resistance, and was instantly seized. 'Where is your accursed master?' demanded *Blueskin*, holding the sword to his throat. The Jew did not speak, but pointed to the audience-chamber. Committing him to the custody of the others, *Blueskin*, followed by a numerous band, darted in that direction. The door was locked; but, with the bars of iron, it was speedily burst open. Several of the assailants carried links, so that the room was a blaze of light. Jonathan, however, was nowhere to be seen. Rushing towards the entrance of the well-hole, *Blueskin* touched the secret-spring. He was not there. Opening the trap-door, he then descended to the vaults—searched each cell, and every nook and corner separately. Wild had escaped. Robbed of their prey, the fury of the mob became ungovernable. At length, at the end of a passage, next to the cell where Mrs. Sheppard had been confined, *Blueskin* discovered a trap-door which he had not previously noticed. It was instantly burst open, when the horrible

stench that issued from it convinced them that it must be a receptacle for the murdered victims of the thief-taker. Holding a link into the place, which had the appearance of a deep pit, Blueskin noticed a body richly dressed. He dragged it out, and perceiving, in spite of the decayed frame, that it was the body of Sir Rowland Trenchard, commanded his attendants to convey it up-stairs—an order which was promptly obeyed. Returning to the audience-chamber, Blueskin had the Jew brought before him. The body of Sir Rowland was then laid on the large table. Opposite to it was placed the Jew. Seeing from the threatening looks of his captors, that they were about to wreak their vengeance upon him, the miserable wretch besought mercy in abject terms, and charged his master with the most atrocious crimes. His relation of the murder of Sir Rowland petrified even his fierce auditors. One of the cases in Jonathan's museum was now burst open, and a rope taken from it. In spite of his shrieks, the miserable Jew was then dragged into the well-hole, and the rope being tied round his neck, he was launched from the bridge. The vengeance of the assailants did not stop here. They broke open the entrance into Jonathan's store-room, plundered it of every thing valuable, ransacked every closet, drawer, and secret hiding-place, and stripped them of their contents. Large hoards of money were discovered, gold and silver plate, cases of watches, and various precious articles. Nothing, in short, portable or valuable was left. Old implements of housebreaking were discovered; and the thief-taker's most hidden depositories were laid bare. The work of plunder over, that of destruction commenced. Straw and other combustibles being collected, were placed in the middle of the audience-chamber. On these were thrown all the horrible contents of Jonathan's museum, together with the body of Sir Rowland Trenchard. The whole was then fired, and in a few minutes the room was in a blaze. Not content with this, the assailants set fire to the house in half-a-dozen other places; and the progress of the flames was rapid and destructive. Meanwhile, the object of all this fearful disturbance had made his escape to Newgate, from the roof of which he witnessed the destruction of his premises. He saw the flames burst from the windows, and, perhaps, in that maddening spectacle suffered torture equivalent to some of the crimes he had committed. While he was thus standing, the flames of his house, which made the whole street light as day, and ruddily illumined the faces of the mob below, betrayed him to them, and he was speedily driven from his position by a shower of stones and other missiles. The mob now directed their attention to Newgate; and, from their threats, appeared determined to fire it. Ladders, paviors' rams, sledge-hammers, and other destructive implements, were procured; and, in all probability, their purpose would have been effected, but for the opportune arrival of a detachment of the guards, who dispersed them, not without some loss of life. Several prisoners were taken, but the ring-leaders escaped. Engines were brought to play upon Wild's premises, and upon the adjoining houses. The latter were saved; but of the former nothing but the blackened stone walls were found standing on the morrow.

We had almost forgotten to mention one species of composition which animates these volumes; and in which Mr. Alaisworth is not surpassed: we allude to the jovial chant or ballad. These are, as heretofore, instinct with

life and humour, and most characteristic. An excellent likeness of the author, engraved by Giesbach, after a drawing by R. I. Lane, embellishes the work, giving us his true lineaments in a style so graceful, as to reflect credit even on the skill and talent of this admired artist.

*The Antiquity of the Book of Genesis, illustrated by some new Arguments.* By H. Fox Talbot. 8vo. pp. 76. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

*Hermes, or Classical and Antiquarian Researches.* By the Same. 8vo. pp. 191. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

WHEN the 1st No. of *Hermes* appeared, we had great pleasure in pointing out some of the very curious results at which the author had arrived, and paying the compliments due to his extensive critical research, ingenious philological conjectures, and abundant references to ancient writers (some of them seldom referred to), in support of the various interesting hypotheses which he had undertaken to maintain. Both the publications above indicated merit similar praise; and even where they fail to bring perfect conviction, they are sustained by so many remarkable illustrations, drawn from obscure, remote, and difficult authorities, as well as from more familiar classics, that it is impossible to peruse them without feeling, with great satisfaction, that we are receiving immediate instruction, and being led, at the same time, to further reflection and investigation, which will reward our thoughts and repay our labour.

Mr. Talbot has let a new and memorable light in upon our physical world, furnishing us with fair and accurate transcripts of its component parts; but much as we have prized his success in this way, we are not sure that we value less the *Photogenic light*, which, from the Sun of his Mind, he has darted upon so many points of antiquarian inquiry, hitherto vaguely seen and erroneously guessed at.

In proof of the great antiquity of the Book of Genesis, he says:—

"I think it can be shewn, by solid arguments.—That there remained a memory in heathen lands of some mysterious book having been known to their ancestors, though lost long since, and the greater part of its contents forgotten. But that, nevertheless, a recollection had been preserved of the subject of the Book. That it related to the Creation. And that the very words of the book, by which it commenced, had, by a remarkable chance, been retained in memory; and that the first words were the following ones:—'In the Beginning.' From which I argue—supposing these facts to be supported by a chain of evidence sufficiently strong—that these mysteries were no other than the Hebrew Scriptures, and that this book was the Book of Genesis."

He proceeds to shew that the most ancient recorded idol worship of Nature, under all her names in Greece, Phrygia, Egypt, Rome, Asia Minor, &c. &c., had reference to the history of Eve in Paradise. The fable of Pandora\* is particularly demonstrated to be nearly allied to the Scripture account.

She is "the wife of the first-created man, upon

\* "What can possibly be more strange than what Hesiod says respecting the evils which flowed from Pandora's fatal curiosity in the opening of the jar? [Egy. v. 100.] 'Ten thousand sorrows went abroad among mankind. The earth is full of evils. The sea is full of them. By night and by day, sickness and diseases approach the dwelling of man;—approach him now in Silence, because Zeus has taken from them the power of speech.' What is this? How is this passage of the poet

whom the gods had showered every blessing which it is possible to imagine; but had laid upon her one injunction, had hid from her one secret which she was never to attempt to discover. But, alas! her curiosity tempts her to violate this fatal command! Immediately all happiness flies away from earth; and in its place sorrow, misery, and all manner of evils, invade the abode, and embitter the existence, of mankind. Can it be said that the author of this fable had never heard of the temptation of Eve? That he drew the allegory from his own imagination? That the resemblance is casual, and nothing more? I hold, on the contrary (and the same has often been maintained before), that the first author of this beautiful tale, whoever he was, and wherever he lived, must either have had access to the sacred books of the Jews, or at any rate to some Eastern writings, which had immediately or remotely been drawn from the same source. Now, then, I argue thus:—Since this tale is related by Hesiod, one of the most ancient of profane authors, the biblical history of our first parents must be more ancient than him. I have introduced this argument so very briefly, merely to illustrate the nature of the proof which I think may be derived from every coincidence of this sort, which can be satisfactorily pointed out. Such coincidences clearly prove the prior existence of those writings, from which they can be shewn to have been in part or wholly borrowed."

reconcilable to common sense? I cannot help thinking, that this extraordinary line,

Σιγῇ, ἐπεὶ φωνὴν ἐξήλθε μνηστὴρ Ζεὺς,

is a fragment of some much earlier poet, who had sung the tale

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit

Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste

Brought death into the world, and all our woe,

in an age that long preceded the bard of Asra; and that, among the living evils which approached mankind (ἄνθρωποι φονεύουσιν) he had enumerated the serpent tribe: who once (to our calamity) had the gift of speech, but now approach and wound us in silence:—

Σιγῇ, ἐπεὶ φωνὴν ἐξήλθε μνηστὴρ Ζεὺς,

because Zeus has deprived them of the power of speech, which they had made so ill a use of. Such I think a probable solution of this otherwise inexplicable passage. A fragment of the old poem I think I see in the words in which Hesiod describes the catastrophe:—

Ἀλλὰ γυνὴ χερσὶν πείρου μῆγα πῶμ' ἀφείλουσα.

The woman stretched forth her hands, and took off a *μῆγα* *πῶμ*. I cannot help thinking that we have here a word of the archaic Greek language, which, like so many others, was afterwards lost in the Greek, but preserved in the Latin language—the word *ponium*. Ob-

serve, also, the epithet *μῆγα*, so entirely useless, so *placé* *otium*, at the critics have it, if applied to the cover of the jar. For what signifies the size of the cover? The mischief was, the lifting it at all, whether it were great or small. But, in the ancient poem, "a large fruit" would have been an appropriate expression—large—conspicuous—tempting to the eye. I have then that Pandora may easily be identified with the goddess of fertility, the giver of the fruits of the earth, the *Ἑσπερία*.

Now one of the names of that goddess, and a very celebrated one in Italy, was Pomona, the goddess of fruit; or, as we may venture to translate it, the goddess with the apple, since she is represented with a large apple in her hand on many ancient monuments. And this remarkable circumstance is also found in the bronze Etruscan statues of the most ancient period: on some of which the Etruscan name of the goddess—*Phera*—is inscribed: that is (I do not hesitate to say), the Flora of the Romans, who presided over the vegetable world. The goddess was also named Ceres and Proserpine, and in the history of the latter, 'the apple' plays a prominent part. I shall content myself with quoting a passage from Visconti's description of an antique statue, which says much to the imagination in a few words:—*Elle tient dans sa main la pomme fatale qui l'empêchait de séjourner continuellement dans le ciel.*

† "The ancients themselves seem to have been much puzzled with this line: and as the simplest mode of surmounting the difficulty, they proposed to scratch it out as superfluous. Scholiast.—Ἀντίπατος δὲ στίχους ὁ λήγων ἐπὶ ἀφῶναι αὐτοῦ."

The Demeter of Greece, the Cybele of Phrygia, the Artemis of the Ephesians, in short, the Rhea, Ceres, Ops, Flora, Pomona, Isis, were all, more or less, congenial to the Mosaic record. Mr. Talbot also leans much on the story of the Sibyls and the Sibylline leaves, or books, which he conceives to have been the Hebrew writings. Among other suggestions we find the following:—

"It is a very remarkable circumstance, that one of them was called the Jewish Sibyl. Pausanias says ('Phocic,' cap. 12): 'After the Cæmean Sibyl, there is related to have been a Hebrew prophetess, whose name was Sabbe; she was the daughter of Berousus and Erymanthus: some call her the Babylonian, others the Egyptian Sibyl.' Now as it is perfectly clear that no true daughter of Israel could have gone forth into pagan lands uttering pretended oracles among idolaters, it follows, that this prophetess could only have been held to be from Judæa, because her prophecies and her doctrines resembled those of the genuine Jewish Scriptures. If she were in reality a native of Judæa, and if she brought with her some parts of the genuine Scriptures, in that case she practised no other imposition than in assuming the prophetic character herself, without any authority. But this would be too strong a supposition to be made without necessity. It is quite sufficient, if it should be admitted to be possible (and the mention of a Jewish Sibyl renders it probable), that there were occasionally brought into Italy from the East imperfect copies of the Hebrew Scriptures, bearing some general and distant resemblance to the genuine ones; from which they had been altered and interpolated to serve the purposes of pagan imposture. Such a volume, I think, may have been in reality offered to the Roman king (Tarquin), and that the tale may thus have had a real foundation."

Again:—

"I come now to a point which appears, to me at least, to be of the highest importance; and shall submit it to the candid judgment of the reader. Among the various titles of the Phrygian goddess, which antiquity has handed down to us, none is more celebrated, and few are more obscure, than that of Berecynthia. To explain it, learned men have had recourse to an expedient which they generally adopt, as I find, when all other resources fail them. Mount Berecynthus, they say, gave its name to the goddess, or else, the goddess Berecynthia gave her name to the mountain. But two assertions of this sort will not support each other, except after the unsatisfactory fashion of the tortoises in the Indian mythology, of whom each upholds the other, and both together the world. Dismissing, therefore, this explanation of the name, I will propose another, which I believe to be the true one. The volume which the Greeks call Genesis, the Hebrews themselves call Bereshith: naming it so from the two first words with which it commences: בְּרֵאשִׁית בְּרֵאשִׁית. In the beginning." And it is my belief, that in like manner as Cybele was called Magna Mater, *θεωσις*, 'Creation,' so she was also called by her semi-Judaizing worshippers in Phrygia by the well-known and celebrated Jewish name of the creation, Bereshith, — a title which the more polished tongue of the Greeks converted into Berecynthia. From which (if admitted) it follows, of necessity, and with the clearest evidence, that the book of Genesis commenced then, as it commences now, with the same identical two words. I conceive that this is no small point to have rendered probable, on mere pagan testimony, in the general wreck of all

the very ancient literature of the Gentiles. And I should therefore be much gratified to find that the opinion of others respecting it concurred with my own."

As we are unable to go into the whole reasoning, connected as it is in such a way that separation must injure it, we must be content with the foregoing examples of Mr. Talbot's general mode of treating his interesting subjects. The observations upon the worship of *Atlin* by the Phrygians are also well worthy of particular attention: but we must conclude by earnestly recommending the entire essay.

No. 2 of *Hermes* is quite equal to its predecessor, and that is saying much. We have always entertained the belief that more of the earliest histories of mankind could be learned by the investigation of the remains of the most ancient languages than from any other source; and, though perfectly aware of the thousand phantasies which may beset and bewilder philology, we are nevertheless convinced that the certain establishment of a very few etymologies must be of prodigious importance in detecting the origin and relations of nations, the extent of intercourse among the first communities of man, and the truth of mysteries wrapt in darkness for thousands of years. It is worthy of the enlightened human mind, ambitious of all knowledge, and of maintaining its place in the highest scale of creation, to seek such intelligence with all the energy of an exalted nature. We take the very first word with which this No. begins, as a specimen of the writer's acuteness and learning:—

"Discordia.—All etymologists derive this word from *cor*, the heart. And, no doubt, this explanation is plausible, and has ancient authority in its favour. Yet how awkward a turn it gives to such phrases as the following:—

'Animus secum discordans.'—Cic.  
'Membris humanis adversus ventrem discordantibus.'—Quint.

Where the learned are unanimous, it may appear rash to differ from them; yet I cannot help thinking that the origin of the word is totally different, and that it comes from *Xarḁn*—a musical string.—Homer (Od. φ. 406).

Ὅς δὲ ἀνὰ φωνήνῃς ἰσχυροτάτους καὶ αἰσὶν  
ῥυθμὸς ἰσχυροτάτος καὶ ἰσχυροτάτος ἔστι  
Ἄψας ἀποφασιστὴν ὑπερβῆς ἰσχυροτάτος  
Metaphorical. Χαρḁς φωνῆν.

Κίονος Χαρḁς τὰς ἀνιπυρὸς φωνῆν.  
(Poeta apud Plutarch.)

This etymology explains in the most satisfactory manner why *concordare* and *discordare* are so particularly applied to music. They are probably two words borrowed from that dialect of Greek which was spoken in South Italy—*Συρχḁν* and *Δυσρχḁν*. Suidas has a nearly related verb—*Παερχḁν*, to play a false note; to touch the wrong string."

If we had not so much to undo in pursuits of this kind, how much more should we do! Our next example is the common word minister:—

"Minister, a servant.—This is the Mæso-Gothic *Minnista*, *minimus*. The evident contrast in form between *magister* and *minister* (master and servant), renders it probable that those words mean great and small people. This is the same phrase which occurs so continually

\* "When it is said (see Pausanias, quoted at page 37) that the Jewish Sibyl was the daughter of Berousus, this again seems allusive to the same name; for the feminine form of Berous will be Bereshith. With regard to the introduction of the letter *ν* in Berecynthia, it was habitual to the Greeks, before *τ*, *δ*, and *θ*, *ευρισκόμενοι*. As, *μαδιν*, *μυδιν*; *λαδιν*, *λιν*; *λαυδιν*, *λαυ*, &c."

in the Bible. 'Ahasuerus made a feast unto all the people, both great and small.'—(Esth. i. 5.) 'There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest: the small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master.'—(Job, iii. 19.) (The latter part of the verse explains the former part.) 'Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.'—(Rev. xix. 5.) The same contrast is seen in:—'Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister. And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.'—(Matth. xx. 26.) The Greek word *μινισ*, a servant, hitherto I believe unexplained, is nothing else than a relic of the Latin term *minister*."

Again:—

"*Fanum*, a temple.—From *Fan*, the name of the Supreme Being, in the Mæso-Gothic language. This name has left many deep traces in both the Greek and Roman mythology."

Illustrations of Homer form a distinguished feature in this treatise; and the verbal corrections and restorations are (to us) quite delightful. For instance, the unintelligible phrase *αἰνῶτα παντός*—"sea resembling wine," which no sea does resemble, is excellent, as the *αἰνῶτα παντός*—the calm uniform sea, "whose face or countenance is one." Also the application to the two Ajaxes, where the same word *αἰνῶτα*, held to be an ancient archaic form of the Latin *unus*, has in this sense a similar effect in giving great force to the comparison. Mr. Talbot has beautifully illustrated, and, as we think, for the first time rationally explained, the legend of Hercules and Eurystheus; by supposing that Hercules is the purifier of the earth; and the boar of Erymanthus, which he is represented, on ancient vases, as throwing into the *πίθος*, or pit, to Eurystheus, is the impure being which he is consigning to its judge in Hades, not to a terrified king.

All the other subjects, the Danaïdes, passages in Aristophanes and Callimachus, the war with Veii (an imitation of the Trojan), Avernus, Abaddon, Cenopion, &c. &c., are treated with like ability, but we can only refer to them, and conclude with a few words from our author:—

"I have already said several things in this volume, which I am afraid may not meet with the approval of those who think that what we at present know of antiquity is all that can be known: or who believe that nothing preceded the classic times of Greece, except a period of comparative barbarism. To those, however, who think with me that the Grecian power rose on the ruins of a preceding great and civilised community, no excuse need be offered for pursuing that idea into its natural consequences. Now, I am prepared to shew by a variety of evidence, that the ancient tribes who inhabited the Peloponnesus spoke a dialect resembling the Latin. If then there are many obscurities in the Greek language and mythology, which are capable of being removed by reference to the Latin, no valid objection can be raised against such an explanation, especially when supported by any collateral evidence. With respect to the present point, I think it probable that the notion of the abyss, or bottomless deep, was common to all the mythologies of antiquity; and that it was supposed to be the dwelling of impious spirits, in which they were tormented. These souls of the wicked were, I think, known in the Pelægion or old Italian mythology, by the name of the Danaide [*anima*]; and this word I consider to have been the sole origin of the fable of the Danaïdes."



*Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap-Book*. 1840.  
With Poetical Illustrations by L.E.L. and  
Mary Howitt. 4to. pp. 68. London,  
Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE favourite task of One, whose work on earth is done—the latest strains of L.E.L. enrich and sanctify these pages. They possess an interest too painful for us to dwell upon; and the mingled voices of the living and the dead strike upon us with so agonising a thrill, that they conjure up thoughts all ghastly in image and unnatural in tone, instead of those which might enable us to judge and speak of the volume before us. There is her likeness, simply and exquisitely expressed by the genius of Macclise; pensive, reflective, an alternation of that gay and sprightly mood which equally became her. Alas, alas, we may not trust ourselves with retrospect. A brief essay by William Howitt glances fairly at her writings, and breathes a prayer over her mysterious fate. It is enough for the world.

No fewer than thirty-six plates adorn this year's publication, which in binding and tasteful embellishment forms a casket worthy to contain these productions of art. Turner, Leslie, Parris, W. L. Leitch, J. Jenkins, E. Corbould, A. Chisholme, H. Room, and J. Hollins, contribute various subjects and portraits; whilst Allom and Bartlett are profuse in Oriental scenes, and Rouillard has given a fine soldier-looking head of Marshal Soult. Others are of Lord Holland, Sir B. Brodie, Lord Byron, and Thomas Clarkson; the last a very characteristic picture, by S. Lane.

The first eight poems are by L.E.L., and the first of them, on "the Interior of a Moorish Palace,"\* may be copied as a relic of her brilliant fancy:—

"Hamooda holds a feast to-night—  
Fill ye the lamps with fragrant light;  
Burn, in the twilight's dewy time,  
The mastic, rosemary, and thyme;  
And scatter round the festal chamber  
Oils from the rose, the musk, the amber.

And bind ye wreaths to hang the room,  
The red pomegranate just in bloom,  
The tulip, with the purple glow,  
That hides the burning heart below;  
The crimson rose beside the pale,  
And the white jasmine, faint and frail.

Fling ye the silken curtains wide,  
With gold restrained—with scarlet dyed,  
And let the colours wander o'er  
The polished walls—the snowy floor.  
The painted glass has hues to vie  
With morning's dew or evening's sky.

White are the walls, but o'er them wind  
Rich patterns curiously designed.  
The Koran's sentences of light,  
Where azure, gold, and red unite;  
And like their mirrors, fountains play  
To lull and cool the burning day.

See the sherbets be cool with roses,  
Flavoured with lemon and with rose;  
High in pearl baskets pile the grape  
So that no purple bloom escape;  
Bring ye the sweetmeats, and serve up  
The coffee in a golden cup;

Call in the music, hours are long  
Unspeeded by the dance and song;  
Prepare the fairest slaves, whose eyes  
Are stars to light our human skies;  
Gather scents, songs, tales, smiles, and light—  
The Bey Hamooda feasts to-night. L.E.L."

From the lines on "Byron at Newstead Abbey," we select only a few stanzas:—

"The youthful poet! here his mind  
Was in its boyhood nurtured;  
All that impatient soul enshrined  
Was here developed first.  
What feelings and what thoughts have grown  
Amid those cloisters, deep and lone!  
Life's best, and yet its worst;  
For fiery elements are they,  
That mould and make such dangerous clay.

\* "The palace, built by Hamooda Pasha, is a magnificent specimen of Moorish architecture."

A thousand gifts the poet hath  
Of beauty and delight;  
He flingeth round a common path  
A glory never common sight  
Would find in common hours.  
And yet such visionary powers  
Are kin to strife and wrath.  
The very light with which they glow  
But telleth of the fire below.

It is the curse of such a mind  
That it can never rest,  
Ever its wings upon the wind  
In some pursuit are prest;  
And either the pursuit is vain,  
Or, if its object it attain,  
It was not worth the quest:  
Yet from the search it cannot cease,  
And fold its plumes, and be at peace."

The "Shrine and Grotto of Santa Rosalia," the niece of William the Good, who, at the age of fifteen, retired from the court of Palermo to a life of seclusion and solitude among the mountains, offers us the following just reflections:—

"Hers must have been a life of dreams,  
Exalted and sustained  
By that enthusiastic faith  
Which such a victory gained.  
Yet hold I not such sacrifices  
Is for the Christian's creed:  
I question of its happiness—  
I question of its need.  
God never made a world so fair,  
To leave that world a void,  
Nor scattered blessings o'er our path,  
Unless to be enjoyed.  
Look round—the vales are sweet with flowers,  
The woods are sweet with song:  
The soul, uplifted with their joy,  
Says, such joy is not wrong.  
Divine its origin—divine  
The faith it keeps alive;  
Not with the beautiful and true  
Should human nature strive.  
Each fine sense gifted with delight,  
Was to the spirit given,  
That, conscious of a better state,  
It might believe in heaven."

Of Mary Howitt's contributions we may state that they do not detract from her well-earned fame. The difference between writing on themes suggested by your own mind and to illustrate subjects given by others, on which you are called to exercise your talents, has, in some cases, and especially where the lively has been attempted, diminished her success; but the whole does honour to her muse. No one ever overcame these difficulties like L.E.L.; she adopted the hint as if it had originated with herself, and lavished upon it, no matter what, the splendours of poetical imagining, or the deep gushes of natural feeling. But we ought not to institute comparisons. On the contrary, we would select Mary Howitt's lines on "The Burial-ground at Sidon" to shew how worthy she is of the association of this Book:—

"The dead are every where!  
The mountain-side; the plain; the woods profound;  
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair,  
Is one vast burial-ground!

Within the populous street;  
In solitary homes; in places high;  
In pleasure-domes where pomp and luxury meet,  
Men bow themselves to die.

The old man at his door;  
The unweaned child murmuring its wordless song;  
The bondman and the free; the rich, the poor;  
All, all to death belong!

The sunlight glides the walls  
Of king's sepulchres enwrought with brass;  
And the long shadow of the cypress falls  
Athwart the common grass.

The living of gone time  
Buildeth their glorious cities by the sea,  
And awful in their greatness sat sublime,  
As if no change could be.

There was the eloquent tongue;  
The poet's heart; the sage's soul was there;  
And loving women with their children young,  
The faithful and the fair.

They were, but they are not;  
Suns rose and set, and earth put on her bloom,  
Whilst man, submitting to the common lot,  
Went down into the tomb.

And still amid the wrecks  
Of mighty generations passed away,  
Earth's choicest growth, the fragrant wild-flower, decks  
The tombs of yesterday.

And in the twilight deep,  
Go veiled women forth, like her who went,  
Sister of Lazarus, to the grave to weep,  
To breathe the low lament.

The dead are every where!  
Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith;  
Where'er is power, pomp, pleasure, pride; where'er  
Life is or was, is death!"

As another example of her talent we will conclude by adding the piece on so unpromising a matter for the "poet's dream" as a view of Newcastle, and entitled by her "A City Street."

"I love the fields, the woods, the streams,  
The wild-flowers fresh and sweet,  
And yet I love no less than these,  
The crowded city-street;  
For haunts of man, where'er they be,  
Awake my deepest sympathy.

I see within the city-street  
Life's most extreme estates,  
The gorgeous domes of palaces;  
The prison's doleful grates;  
The hearths by household virtues blest,  
The dens that are the serpent's nest.

I see the rich man, proudly fed,  
And richly clothed, pass by;  
I see the shivering, homeless wretch,  
With hunger in his eye;  
For life's severest contrasts meet  
For ever in the city-street!

And lofty, princely palaces—  
What dreary deeds of woe,  
What untold, mortal agonies  
Their arras chambers know!  
Yet is without all smooth and fair,  
As heaven's blue dome of summer air!

And even the portliest citizen,  
Within his doors doth hide  
Some household grief, some secret care,  
From all the world beside:  
It ever was—it must be so,  
For human heritage is woe!

Hence is it that a city-street  
Can deepest thought impart,  
For all its people, high and low,  
Are kindred to my heart;  
And with a yearning love I share  
In all their joy, their pain, their care!"

We shall now only repeat that the embellishments are numerous, beautifully executed, various, and interesting.

*Memoirs of His Own Time; including the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration.*  
By Lieut.-General Count Mathieu Dumas.  
2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

Two generations are included in the *Memoirs* of General Dumas; and events, almost unexampled in the history of mankind from the earliest records to his own times. Much he witnessed, much he experienced, and much he has preserved for our information and edification. That the tone and manner are those which smack a little of garrulity and age, while they do not detract from the value of the facts, they unquestionably enhance the entertaining quality of the narrative. The spice of egotism seasons the description of historical events, and the *quorum pars magna fui* is quite a treat throughout the Buonaparte period. To Segur and Thiers, General Dumas accords the praises due for their substantial and valuable contributions to the history of a considerable portion of the time which he occupies; and he also points out to contempt the multitude of trashy contemporaneous memoirs which have been hack jobs and inventions to perplex and mystify the truth. Born about 1755, at Montpelier, M. Dumas was old enough to join the army in 1773, and to accompany the French expedition to America in 1780. The opening of this Pandora box, fraught with such terrible retribution to France, is noticed in a manner singularly interesting:—

"The French government (says M. Dumas), which, ever since the peace of 1763, and the

loss of the fine colony of Canada, bore with impatience the humiliating conditions which it had been compelled to accept, after a war which was equally disastrous and ill-conducted, saw with secret joy the flourishing colonies of England ready to emancipate themselves; it desired their success, and favoured their efforts. Its assistance, though not yet avowed, had excited the warmest remonstrances on the part of England. Louis XVI., since his accession to the throne, had devoted all his care to the re-establishment of the navy. Great armaments were prepared in the arsenals of Brest and Toulon. French officers, whose ardour had become impatient of a long peace, went to America, where they were received in the ranks of the insurgents. The young Marquis de la Fayette was one of the first to give an example of the most generous attachment to the cause of American independence, as soon as it had been proclaimed. He had fitted out a man-of-war at his own expense, and gone as a volunteer to join the army of General Washington, if not with the permission, at least with the approbation, of the king and his ministers, who could not be ignorant of so decisive a step. The Marshal de Castries caused a proposal to be made to me, to accompany M. de la Fayette, with some other officers. I eagerly accepted the proposal, but it was too late. The government, whose interest it was still to dissemble the succour it afforded, stopped for some time this kind of emigration. The war between the two rival maritime powers was imminent, but the preparations were still covered with a mysterious veil. A train of field artillery intended for the insurgents had been prepared at the arsenal of Douay, and was to pass through Dunkirk to be embarked at Ostende. It is well known that there was at that time an English commissioner at Dunkirk, whose business it was to see that the works and fortifications of that port, which were destroyed according to the most shameful article of the peace of 1763, were not restored. We had been and were still obliged to endure this disgrace, and to conceal from Mr. Frazer the arrival and departure of this artillery. The remonstrances of that officer, if he had been immediately informed of the passage of this train and the place to which it had been sent, would have embarrassed the commander-in-chief. The Count de Puységur, in order to prevent difficulties, which at least would have been unreasonable, invited Mr. Frazer to dine with him, to meet the principal officers of the garrison. I was deputed to take care that no message should reach the English commissioner, and to detain him as long as possible, by spinning out the conversation on professional subjects. I acted this mortifying part as well as I could, but with secret vexation. The convoy passed through the town at the beginning of the night and was sent to Ostende. The English commissioner was, or pretended to be, ignorant of it."

But the remote epoch of the American war is not so much calculated to interest our readers as some of the later revelations respecting the consequent infection of France and the progress of her bloody revolution. We pass, therefore, for our illustrations of this valuable work to the time when the various castes of revolutionists strove for the mastery in Paris to overthrow rival factions, and, according to their peculiar views, to modify the government of the country with the power in their own hands. The king's ministry had given in their famous report of the state of the nation, and resigned; and General Dumas, who was a prominent member of the National Assembly, tells us:—

"The Assembly, being sufficiently informed by the speeches of the members, and the reports of the ministers, closed the debate on the question itself, and turned its attention merely to the form of the declaration of the danger of the country; it was decided on the motion of *Herauld de Séchelles*, that this spontaneous act of the legislative body should not be subject to the king's sanction; therefore, after having decreed that no time was to be lost, the president put on his hat and pronounced these words:—'*Citizens! the country is in danger!*' Yes, doubtless, the danger was imminent for all Frenchmen, but too certain for the unhappy prince, whose ruin, which was resolved upon, would lead to that of the constitution. The danger, however, was not yet inevitable, at least as respected the personal safety of the king and his family. Louis XVI. had full time, and the hour was come for him, to abandon the capital, governed by a faction, which had just disclosed its fatal projects, and to leave that palace where the royal majesty had been already profaned with impunity, and which was guarded by only a small number of troops, brave and faithful soldiers it is true, but foreigners, whom the factions had easily rendered suspected in the eyes of the deluded people. In these awful circumstances, the true friends of liberty and of the monarchical constitution wished that the king should, in concert with them, put himself in a situation to be sheltered from the storm which they had not been able to avert. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt proposed to transfer the royal residence to Rouen, and to take advantage of the good spirit manifested by all the inhabitants of Normandy as well as by those of the northern provinces. General Lafayette offered the king a still safer asylum, more worthy of the royal dignity, by urging him to repair to the army, to take the command of it in person, and to lead it against the enemy, while the constituted authorities should gradually deliver themselves from the yoke of the Jacobins, and restore order and confidence, dispelling the delusion of the people by this magnanimous proof of the king's intentions. Every thing was prepared for the execution of this project, the secret of which had been intrusted to me, as well as to several of my friends. A great number of the members of our side, about sixty, were ready to concur in it, and the majority of the Assembly would have soon followed us. General Lafayette, under the pretext of a reinforcement of cavalry to the army of the Moselle, had sent to Compiègne two regiments of chasseurs, commanded by Alexander Lameth. The king, without passing the limits prescribed by the constitution, might have, in a few hours, reached Compiègne. He could not be followed by any organised force; all the rest out of the walls of Paris was but a contemptible band. Thus the royal family would be safe from any attempt, under the protection of the army; the king might have convoked the assembly in his new place of residence, he would have made known his just motives, he would have rallied all good citizens round him; lastly, his most devoted friends would have been obliged to come to him, and to seek in the French camp an asylum against persecution. This at least was, under the circumstances, the only means of saving the constitutional monarchy; and, whatever events might have succeeded, was it not saving the country and liberty, which were on the brink of a precipice? We flattered ourselves in vain with attempting this perilous but only means of safety: nothing could overcome the repugnance of the king, and still more of the queen, to trust themselves

to Lafayette. Nothing could change their resolution, not to venture on any extraordinary measure, and to resign themselves to the decrees of Providence. The memory of Louis XVI. has been calumniated, by supposing that that unfortunate prince reckoned on the assistance of foreigners, and that he expected his deliverance from the probable success of an invasion: this is an absurdity. The affair of the 20th of June could not leave him any doubt of the fatal issue of such an event, the bare threat of which sufficed to ruin him. Inoffensive, mild, and religious, Louis XVI. felt a horror of civil war. He thought that it was his duty to oppose to the enemies of the crown only passive courage. I have said elsewhere, and I am convinced, after all the testimony which I have been able to collect, that he had been obliged to fly with his family at the time of his journey to Varennes, only by being persuaded that when he had retired to a frontier town, without any connivance with foreigners, or with an armed party in the interior, he would be in an independent position, and free to accept and to refuse such or such an article of the constitution. It was a false calculation, and at all events an act of great imprudence, but it was also the error of a pure conscience. The same motives, the same prejudices, influenced the king on this occasion, and unhappily he was confirmed in his determination by his most intimate counsellors. The latter saw with satisfaction the weakness of the constitutional party, and wished for its defeat; this party was in their eyes the true obstacle to the restoration of the royal authority; it was the enemy with which no compact should be ever made; their inconsiderate zeal despised every other danger, the most violent provoked an explosion. Though we were well acquainted with these dispositions of the court, and the weak means of intrigue, corruption, and police which were employed to support them, we still flattered ourselves that we should be able to prevail over infatuated courtiers, who could not judge so well as ourselves of the extent and imminence of the danger. I hoped that the king would yield at length to the new entreaties of General Lafayette, but I was completely undeceived by the Count de Puységur, formerly minister of war, one of the most faithful and enlightened friends of Louis XVI. I had necessarily confided to his honourable friendship the secret, which was still profoundly kept, of the enterprise which we contemplated. He thought with me that it was the only remaining chance of saving the king; but he took from me all hope of success. 'Never,' said he, 'will you induce the royal family to confide to Lafayette a power resembling that of the ancient constables of the kingdom, and thus place their own fate and that of France in his hands. The queen opposes it absolutely; Madame Elizabeth objects from religious motives; Baron de Viomesnil, whose presumption and intrepidity you well know, undertakes with the Swiss guards alone, not only to defend the palace, but also to drive into the suburb all the insurgent mob, which, he says, might easily have been dispersed, if once vigorous measures had been adopted.' While the terrified court neglected our advice, rejected our aid, and gave itself up to rash counsels, the Jacobins were swelling their ranks with a great number of federalists, whom the popular societies had sent to Paris to be present at the fête of the 14th of July, and who were afterwards to go to the camp of Soissons. Their presence excited terror in the families of the citizens, and even in the assembly. The con-

spirators shewed more insolence. The attempt of the 20th of June was celebrated by them as a first victory. They prepared a scandalous triumph for the faithless magistrate who had been the hero of it. The suspension of the mayor, Pétion, which the directory of the department had so justly pronounced on the 6th of July, and which the king had confirmed on the 11th, was revoked on the 13th by a decree of the Legislative Assembly. We were compelled to endure this manifest violation of the constitution. The impunity of this great crime was illegally proclaimed in the name of the law, and the judges who had prosecuted the investigation into it were accused of having neglected their duty. The last mask was now thrown aside; the petitioners contended with each other in audacity and insolence, being encouraged by the applause of the galleries, which were chiefly filled by the federalists. The fermentation was extreme, and we had reason to fear that the 14th of July was the day intended for a great catastrophe."

The results are well known; and soon after we read:

"The Place Vendôme was filled with the crowd which followed the wretches who carried heads on the ends of their pikes. Above all I beheld, with horror, very young men, even children, playing with heads, throwing them into the air, and receiving them on the ends of their sticks. This passed but a short time before the discharge of fire-arms in the attack and the assault of the palace of the Tuileries. At the first cannon-shot, the crowd which filled the Place Vendôme and choked up the Rue Saint-Honoré dispersed and fled in all directions. Soon afterwards cries of victory were heard, and the mass of people flowed back with the same precipitation, pressing about the environs of the hall. A little later, in the midst of this tumult, we saw the famous Téroigne, on horseback, in a scarlet riding habit, followed by a great number of workmen, carrying ropes and all sorts of tools. She rode round the statue of Louis XIV., insulting the great monarch, and crying, 'Fall, tyrant!'

The inviolability of the persons of the deputies, though it had already been infringed, was a matter in which all the members of the Assembly had a common interest, however unable it had been to maintain this constitutional privilege. In the midst of this confusion, notwithstanding the dispersion of a great number of our friends, we had still the right, and perhaps also the duty, of completing the fulfilment of our trust, in concurring by our counsels in the defence of the territory. Theodore Lameth and myself entered the hall on the side of the Jacobins, since called the Mountain; on that side the benches were closely filled; those on which we usually sat were, on the contrary, very empty.\* As we crossed the hall, we met and almost ran against Robespierre, who, coming out of the bar with some petitioners, was passing in a contrary direction, to enjoy the honours of the sitting at the summit of the Mountain. We had scarcely taken our usual places, when Merlin de Thionville, with whom, notwithstanding the extravagance of his opinions, I have never ceased to be connected by mutual esteem, gave me a proof of probity, which I take pleasure in recording here. He ventured to come and seat himself between us. 'Why are you come here?' said he; 'do you

\* "After all that had passed during the preceding days, the reproach directed by some prejudiced writers against the constitutional party, which was attacked, pursued, and dispersed by the assassins of the faction, is unquestionably a manifest injustice." The author belonged to this party.

know to what you expose yourselves? Look at those demagogues.' 'We come to do our duty; to take the new oath which is required, and to sit till the close of the session.' 'Well, then, wait only a quarter of an hour; you will ascend the tribune; and when you have taken the oath, do not stay a moment in your seats, and then endeavour to slip away.' We followed his advice, and retired by the passages behind the bureau of the president. If I were writing the history of the Revolution, I should here have to draw the dark picture of the ruins of the social fabric, and of the greatest disorder into which any nation has ever fallen. I should have to shew, first, the national representation usurping all the powers constituted by the fundamental law, and abdicating the exercise of them by the illegal convocation of a Convention. I should then have to analyse the acts of this Assembly during the forty days in which it survived itself; acts by which, borne down as it was under the ruins of the constitution which it had overthrown, it proved that it was now but the instrument of the sanguinary faction which domineered over it, and dictated its decrees. The Girondins endeavoured, in vain, to seem to direct, in the storm, the dismantled vessel of the state. Their tardy moderation rendered them suspected by the new power which rose above them. The constitutional party was proscribed and disdained; the Girondins were attacked; domiciliary visits were made in the houses of some of them, and especially in that of Brissot. The hall of the Assembly and the bureaux were an asylum for them also. I remember that, having come one morning, very early, to the place where the united legislative and military committees held their sittings, I was very much astonished at finding Condorcet lying under the table. It was, I believe, on the 13th of August, the very day on which he proposed the famous address to the French people, which was a historical and philosophical review of all the late events, and all the acts of the Legislative Assembly, from the commencement of the session to the 10th of August inclusive—a memoir in justification of the policy of the Girondins, and of all the violations which they had proposed or tolerated to attain the object which escaped them. \*

"The first news of the taking of Longwy and Verdun had excited the greatest exasperation. We learnt every day the arrest, the condemnation, the execution of persons, whom the search made in the palace and in private houses had implicated, or even rendered suspected. I was informed by a member of the committee of surveillance of the Assembly that I had been again denounced to that of the commune. D'Espinassy, whom I had consulted, urged me to quit the Assembly before the end of August, because the inflammatory speeches in the clubs, and in the sections, and especially in the public and numerous meetings of the commune of Paris, left no doubt that a great insurrection was at hand. I did not see any necessity for making any change in my usual way of life. I had, however, taken the precaution to send out of my house a very intelligent postilion, in whom I could place entire confidence. I had given him a cabriolet and two good horses, permitting him to go on the stand, and to let them for his own profit, promising to give him the two horses as a reward, if he would take me out of Paris when I should give him notice. I advised him to attend his section, to get acquainted with the most ardent patriots, to provide himself with all the certificates which might be useful to him, and to come sometimes during the night, to give me an account of what

he had seen and heard. I have already said that I had left the house of my father-in-law, M. Delarue, because the famous Hebert, member of the commune of Paris, who governed my section, was one of those who had denounced me."

[To be continued.]

*Fruits of Reflection. A Discursive Poem.* 8vo. pp. 67. London, 1830. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THERE is no name upon the title-page of this volume; but its purpose is so excellent, its inculcations so benevolent, and its poetic feeling so laudable, that we should consider it an act of injustice in a literary journalist to aid in concealing the author—Mr. Webb Hall, whose agricultural paper at the British Association has so recently demanded the public acknowledgment. Mr. Hall's active philanthropy upon these and other occasions deserves our warm praise; and gratified should we be, if we could believe that the praise so bestowed might lead others to imitate his useful and humane example, whether in the cultivation of the field or the cultivation of the muse. But our business here is not panegyric, but criticism; and we turn to the *Fruits of Reflection*, truly designated as "a discursive poem." It is discursive, yet the same amiability and love of kind inspirits every part: it is altogether consistent in discountenancing evil, and enforcing good. Peace, and harmony, and good-will, are opposed to war, and discord, and animosity. It is shewn how much more blessed the condition of mankind would be, if a tithe of the pains were taken to diffuse happiness around the sphere of Each Individual which are taken to plunder, to annoy, and to oppress. The golden rule is indeed expanded in every precept; and joyful would it be, even in this vale of tears, were that rule in its integrity, the inculcations of Mr. Hall, or the concordant principles of the Christian religion, more thought of and practised than they unfortunately are among the pretenders to humanity and the professors of Christianity.

The prominent quality of the poem is not imagination, but, as we have intimated, natural feeling: of which the following may be selected as a pleasing specimen:—

"Oh! were it mine, with sky-lark melody,  
Upward to soar, and on as strong a wing,  
To rise as high in the blue vault of heav'n;  
To sing as sweetly as the ascending bird;  
To praise as fervently its great First Cause,  
And to attract, in the same heav'nly course,  
The uplifted eye fatigued by following;  
Thence to return to an endeared home,  
Pursue the duties of appointed lot,  
And rise again at the approach of morn,  
To sound the notes of cheerfulness and praise:  
Then would I scan with strictest scrutiny  
Th' effects of evil in the world below,  
And trace the causes upward to their source,  
And strive again to root the noxious weed,  
And deeply mark its broad deformity  
Both far and wide for public infamy.  
Oh! I would then pursue with eager step  
The various causes of the maladies,  
Daily and nightly, which afflict mankind;  
And make the habitation of the world,  
Of such fair form, so beautifully made,  
Disturb'd 'tis true by elemental strife,  
Prolific source of sin's deformity."

On Education (next to the absolute supply of physical wants), that most momentous of all subjects, propounded for the future improvement of our social state, Mr. Webb Hall utters only a few, but they are sound, notes:—

"Oh, then, my country—what remains to prove  
Thy faithfulness to rectitude and God?  
—Much still; but what no governments can give,  
Subjects must earn the happiness they know.  
Thy youthful trains must educated be,  
The diff'rence great, 'twixt right and wrong must learn,  
Employment still and industry, must shew



The happiness which these alone can give.  
The doom divine which man must ever feel,  
By labour still to eat his daily bread,  
Beneficent, in anger though it fell,  
The sentence of our God and Father prov'd.

"Our bliss is ever of the social kind:  
Man leans on man! 'tis a divine decree:  
From earliest infancy the debt begins:  
Hark—to the infant's cries the mother wakes:  
—The mother—who the precious gift forgets?  
Who can forget her long continuous toil?  
Which foster'd all our infancy and youth,  
If pass'd not over to a sadder hand:  
The various kindness which her hand convey'd,  
Full well I trace in vivid memory's store;  
Full well I recollect her constant care:  
Oh, may it ne'er be lost while life-blood warms!  
Brothers and sisters too, a common tie,  
Foster the feeling which mankind should know;  
Birds of one nest, unlike the feather'd tribe,  
Expanded ether should not part the claim."

Against War our poet breathes his abhorrence:—

"But to describe the various stains of war,  
Except to blot them, pals the memory;  
And to become familiar with the scenes  
Lessens the horror which the mind should feel.

A glory false has long conspired to save  
The subject terrible from dire disgrace,  
And cast a halo round the forms engag'd,  
Worthy,—well worthy, of a nobler work.  
To dissipate th' inveterate prejudice;  
To shew unmask'd the noxious hateful course;  
To paint the cruelty which flows from war,  
And all the aggravations it records,  
Would well reward and dignify a mind,  
The best and noblest, of the world contains.  
To advocate humanity—the cause  
In which the best of men have spent their lives,  
Is admirable, wise, and truly great.  
To stem the torrent of opposing throngs,  
By means still pure—still capable to stand,  
A scrutiny, ev'n in the last dread hour,  
Is surely brave—is surely honourable!  
Let it not be thought, that the true courage  
Of the exalted mind is lost in him  
Who advocates the soul, calmly possess'd;  
Proof against sneer or cutting ridicule;  
That fears to give offence against his God,  
"Tis true: but fears not still the consequence  
Which man can shew: O! surely this is brave!!"

And after all—the life spent well or ill—how true the following:—

"O death! destroyer of the human frame,  
And its refiner: how dost thou advance,  
Even to mortal eyes, thy choicest sons,  
And lower sink thy sons degenerate?"

And with this we close the volume. The style bears some resemblance to Akenside, but we will not say that its beauties of composition are at all equal to its beauties in sentiment and principle.

*The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night; from the Arabic of the Egyptian MS. as edited by W. Hay Macnaghten, Esq., B.C.S. Done into English by Henry Torrens, B.C.S., B.A., and of the Inner Temple. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 540. 1838. Calcutta, Thacker and Co.; London, Allen and Co.*

WHILST we are delighting in the Nos. of Mr. Lane's excellent version of these immortal tales, we are not sorry to see a *cariorum* edition. Any thing that will induce us to renew, as far as they can be renewed, the pleasurable feelings of our youth, when first the "Thousand and One Nights" made a garden at eve, in which the Greek and Latin lessons for the morning were forgotten, or postponed to the latest moment, to be learned in time for the watchful master; any thing to steal us from the wearisome business and matter-of-fact of every-day life, and convince us that fancy though dulled, and imagination though withered, have still an existence within our bosoms; any thing to withdraw us from steam, and bores, and railroads, and chattering, and hurry, and jostling, to repose on the Oriental luxuries of humour, adventure, beauty, poetry, magic, and supernatural creations, is welcome as water to the thirsty traveller in the desert. To be always strung with

usefulness is enough to bend men double to the very earth: let us, therefore, be happy in every opportunity to relax the *bow*, and stand upright, with our faces enjoying the heavens.

The MS. whence this translation is "done"—and very well done it is, with few errors to call for critical notice—"was brought to this country by the late Major Turner Macan, the editor of the 'Shah Namuh,' who purchased it from the heirs of Mr. Salt, long British consul in Egypt. After Major Macan's death, it became the property of the publishers of this volume, and the printing an edition from it was undertaken by that firm, the work being edited by Mr. Macnaghten of the Bengal Civil Service. This MS. contains the full number of the 1001 Nights, with many tales entirely new to European readers. It is interspersed with poetry, which possesses in the original much merit, and the style in which it is written has been considered, by the best Arabic scholars in this country, to be singularly pure and excellent."

Mr. Torrens determined on translating it, keeping as literally as he could to the Arabic, and versifying as correctly as he could all the poetry of the original. In these features consist the claims of his work to interest the public; and the vast difference between it and M. Galland's free imitation, is very striking. In retaining the poetry another novelty deserves our praise, for we find it throughout extremely characteristic, and often extremely beautiful, in thought and imagery. In other respects, Mr. T. observes:—

"The admiration of beauty inherent in the Arab, his innate voluptuousness, and his license of expression, have obliged me to omit portions of these tales, in which the style of description is more accurate than delicate; while the habit of devotional feeling common to the Moslems at large, and exhibiting itself in pious ejaculations and prayer on every possible occasion, rendered it needful to dispense with a translation of certain words, the constant use of which would appear to European readers rather irrelevant than devout.

"Considerable progress had been made with this volume, before it came to my knowledge that Mr. Lane himself meditated a translation of the 'One Thousand and One Nights' from a MS. said to be not inferior to that from which this version is rendered. I need hardly say that had I, at an earlier date, been aware of this intention, I might have hesitated before I undertook the work in open rivalry to so competent a translator. But having, when this reached me, done so much that little remained to do, and observing that Mr. Lane announced, as part of his design, the omission of the greater portion of the poetry of the original, I did not oppose the desire of the spirited publishers of this volume that I should complete it."

In the tales new to us are some relating to the crusades, which fixes a date to at least a portion of these compositions. In the spelling we have again corrections, which the writer defends as necessary, but which continue the trouble and uncertainty which has too long prevailed in this respect, and considerably affected the taste for Eastern literature. Thus the Koran is Qoran; the caliph, khuleef; the vizier, vuzeer; the three kalendars, three qurun-deels; Bagdad, Bhugdad; Harem, Hureem, &c. &c. Fifty of the nights are contained in the first volume; according to which proportion, there should be twenty volumes in all.

As a specimen of the style we select the following part, relating to "Ubdool Mulik Bin Murwan" who (we are told in a note) was "the fifth khuleef of the race of Omueyah, and who

commenced his reign A.H. 65 (A.D. 685), and extended the Moslim power to Spain, and to the confines of Hindostan. The monarch in the tale is, of course, an imaginary personage, but the story itself, now for the first time translated, is curious, as entering upon details of the wars between the Moslems and the Christians. The author has jumbled together the exploits of the early Moslems against the Syrian Christians, with the wars of the crusades, and has bestowed upon the Emperor of Constantinople the name of an ancient Persian monarch, Fureedoon, the conqueror of Zohak. The detail of the peculiar armour of the Christians, with the surcoat over it, and the mention of 'Frankish pirates,' a probable allusion to the Normans, give some clue to the period about which the tale was written."

The story itself commences thus:—  
"This is not more wondrous than the tale of the King 'Oomr Bin Na'man, and his son Shurkun, and his son Zool'ul Mukan, and what came to pass to them of things wondrous and strange.' Said the king, 'And what was their story?' She replied, 'They relate, oh, mighty king! that there was in the city of safety, Bughdad, before the khuleefut of U'bdool Mulik Bin Murwan, a king who was called 'Oomr Bin Na'man, and he was of the tyrants, the mighty ones, and he had subdued the kings of the Kosroos, and the Kaisars, and, so he was, that there was no bringing fire near him—his heart extinguished it, nor could any one surpass him in the battle-field: and when he was angered there came forth from his nostrils sparks of fire, and he had made himself king over all quarters, and the Lord had given him all his servants, and his command had penetrated into all cities, and his armies had reached the most distant lands, and the east and the west had entered into his rule, and whatsoever was comprised in India, and Sind, and China, and the land of Hijaz, and the country of Tumun, and the islands of India, and China, and the country of the north, and Diyar Bukr, and the land of the Negroes, and the islands of the seas, and whatso is in the earth from the rising of the day like as Sihoon, and Jihoon, and Nile, and Euphrates, and he sent his messengers to cities most remote to bring him the truth of men's report and condition. Then returned they to him, and told him of justice, and obedience, and honesty, and of prayers for the Sultan 'Oomr Bin Na'man. This was so, and 'Oomr Bin Na'man, oh, king of the age! of noble race was he! they used to bear him presents, and rarities, and sums to expend from every place. Now, he had a son whose name was Shurkun, and he was likest of men to him, and had arisen a misfortune among the calamities of the time, and subdued the brave, and excelled his contemporaries. So his father loved him with exceeding love—there could no greater be, and destined him heir to the kingdom after himself. Now Shurkun grew until he reached to man's estate, and his age became twenty years: then God gave him all his servants as a possession, for the excess of boldness was his, and cruelty. Now his father, 'Oomr Bin Na'man, had four wives by contract, and by law, but he was not enriched by them with a son save Shurkun, and he was by one of them, and the rest were childless; he got not a son by one of them. And with these had he three hundred and sixty concubines for the number of the days of the year of the Copts, and these concubines were of all nations, and he had built for every one of them a private chamber, and these chambers were within the palace, for he had built twelve mansions to the number of the months of the year,

and made in every mansion thirty private chambers; thus the sum of the private chambers was three hundred and sixty, and he lodged these handmaids in them, and appointed a night for each damsel, and came not again to her for a full year, and he abode thus a long period of time. Now his son Shurkun was renowned in all quarters, and his father rejoiced in him, and his might increased; so he grew violent and masterful, and conquered fortresses and towns. Now so it was by order of that was decreed that a damsel among the handmaids of 'Oomr Bin Na'man became pregnant, and her pregnancy was announced, and the king was informed of that; so he rejoiced with exceeding joy, and said, 'Perchance my offspring and my generation may be all of them males!' So he dated the day of her pregnancy, and kept treating her with distinction. Now Shurkun learned that, and the matter seemed to him a heavy one and a mighty one, and he said, 'One hath come to tear the sovereignty from me.' And he said in his soul, 'If this damsel bear a male child I will slay him!' And he concealed that intention in his heart. This now was what was in the matter of Shurkun, but for what happened in the matter of the damsel, truly she was a Roumish girl, and the king of Roum, and lord of Cæsarea, had sent her as a present, and despatched with her great store of rarities; and her name was Sufeeh; and she was loveliest of the damsels, and she was the handsomest, salaried, and the most esteemed, and she was mistress of sense, and wisdom, and loveliness even most excellent. Now she had waited on the king the night he rested with her, and said to him, 'Oh, king! I desire of Heaven this night that truly he enrich thee with a male child by me, that I may bring him up fairly, and bring him to man's estate in knowledge of Him, and in His keeping.' And the king was pleased, and marvelled at that speech. Now it ceased not to be after that fashion, till her months were completed, and she sat upon the chair of child-birth; and she, in the time of her pregnancy, at prayers would arise and make fair orisons, and pray the Almighty that he would grant her a perfect male child, and make her child-birth easy to her, and the Almighty acceded to her prayers. Now the king had deputed an eunuch with her to bring him tidings of what she should bring forth, whether a male infant or a female; and in like way did also his son Shurkun send one to let him know that. Now when Sufeeh brought forth that which was born, the wise women examined it, and they found it a daughter with face more beautiful than the moon. So they informed those that were present of it, and the messenger of the king returned, and gave him the tidings, and in like manner did the messenger of Shurkun take him that same news; and he rejoiced with exceeding joy. Now when the eunuch departed, said Sufeeh to the wise women, 'Wait awhile for me, for truly 'tis as if there were somewhat else yet.' And she cried out, and the pains of child-birth came upon her, and the Lord made it easy to her, and she bore a second birth. So the wise women looked at it, and found it a male child, even like the full moon, with forehead flowery white, and cheek ruddy, rose-tinted; and the damsel was glad by reason of him, and the eunuch, and the whole train of servants, and every one that was present. So Sufeeh was freed of her burden, and they sent forth the cry of joy in the palace, and the rest of the damsels heard that, and they envied her; and the tidings reached 'Oomr Bin Na'man.

Now he rejoiced, and asked for gratulation, and arose, and went forth, and kissed her head, and looked at the child that was born: then bent he over him, and kissed him, and the damsels struck the tabors, and played on the instruments of music, and the king gave order that they should name the child that was born Zoo'ool Mukân, and his sister Nuzhut Ul Zumân. Now they did like as the king ordered, and answered, 'To hear is to obey.' And the king set apart for them those that should serve them, and eunuchs, and a train of domestics, and nurses; and assigned allowances for them of sugar, and diet drinks, and oils, and else beside of whatsoever is eatable beyond the power of tongue to rehearse it. Now the people of Bughdâd heard of how the Almighty had enriched the king with offspring, and they decked out the city, and the bearers of glad tidings knocked at the doors; and the great men, and the ministers, and the lords of the state, came forward and gave the king joy, even 'Oomr Bin Na'man, of his son Zoo'ool Mukân, and his daughter Nuzhut Ul Zumân. So the king thanked them for that and gave them dresses of honour, and shewed much kindness to them in gifts, and treated all that were present fairly, both private men and public, and gave not over after this fashion till four days were passed. Now after every little space of the year, would he ask after Sufeeh and her children; and at the end of four years, he gave order to take to her jewels, and robes, and raiments, and money, even a very great matter, and he intrusted her with their education and their good instruction. All this was so, and the son of the king, even Shurkun, knew not that his father 'Oomr Bin Na'man had got a male child, and knew not that he had got any save Nuzhut Ul Zumân; and they concealed from him the tidings of Zoo'ool Mukân until days and years were passed, and he was occupied in engaging the bold, and sallying against the horsemen. Now, meanwhile, as the king 'Oomr Bin Na'man was sitting on a day among days, lo! the chamberlains came in to him, and kissed the earth before him, and said, 'Oh, king! there hath reached us messengers from the King of Roum, Lord of Constantinople, the Great, and they desire entry to thee, and to take orders before thee: so even as the king shall order for their entry, either we will let them in, or not, for there is no disputing his command.' Now, upon that he allowed them to enter, and when they came in, he stepped to them, and embraced them, and asked them of their condition, and what was the cause of their coming. So they kissed the earth before him, and said, 'Oh, king! the glorious lord of lofty honour, know that he that sent us to thee is the King Fureedoon, Lord of the cities of Greece and the armies of Christendom, he that is established in the sovereignty of Constantinople, to let thee know that he is indeed now waging fierce war with an obstinate tyrant, and he is Lord of Cæsarea: and the reason for that is, that it fell out one of the Arab kings, in ancient time, met with, in one of his conquests, a hoard of the age of Alexander. So he removed therefrom wealth past computing, and in the mass of that he found in it were three jewels of rounded shape of the size of ostrich eggs, and they are from a mine of jewels unsullied, such as one could not find the like to look on, and each pearl is graven in the Greek character with matters that are mysteries, and they have virtues and properties even in great number. Now, among their properties is that whatsoever child that is born that shall have one of these jewels hung upon

him, then shall no evil befall him so long as the jewel remain attached to him, and he shall not cry, nor shall fever ail him. Now when he laid hands upon them, and fell in with them, and knew what were their mysteries, he sent an offering to the King Fureedoon of certain rarities and money, and among the sum of them the three jewels; and he equipped two vessels, the one had in it valuables, and the other even to guard that present from whosever should interrupt it on the sea. Now the king was well assured in his soul that there was not one able to detain his vessel, especially as he was king of the Arabs, and the course of the ship in which were the presents was in the sea which was under the sovereignty of the King of Constantinople, and she was bound to him: and there were on the shores of that sea none save the subjects of the king that is greatest, Fureedoon. Now, when the two ships were equipped, they voyaged until they neared our cities; then came forth upon them certain pirate-ships from that land, and in them troops from about the Lord of Cæsarea. So he, the pirate, took and got together whatsoever was in the two ships of rarities, and money, and the stores, and the three jewels, and they slew the men. Now that news came up to the king, and he sent against them an army, and they routed it; and he sent against them a second army, stronger than the first, and they put it to flight also. So upon that the king was angered, and swore that he would not go forth against them save in his own person and the whole of his army, and that he would surely not turn from them, till he should leave Cæsarea of Armenia ruined, and leave her land and all the towns over which her king ruled wasted; and his desire of the Lord of the Age, and of these times, 'Oomr Bin Na'man, king of Bughdâd and of Khorassan, is that he should aid with an army from about him, that glory may become his. And he, our king, hath sent to thee with us something in the sort of presents, and he requests of the king's grace their acceptance, and the kindly grant to him of aid.' Then the messengers kissed the earth before him."

The sequel of the tale is too long for us to tell, but one quotation will suffice to shew the character of this new translation; and we will only add a few snatches of the verses as examples of the poetry:—

"Man in his prosperous days is like a tree,  
Round which men stand while fruit thereon there be,  
Until, its bearing o'er, away they hie,  
And leave it in sand and sludge to wither dry."

"Stay, grant me but one look before we part,  
And though 'tis like to burst, I'll nerve my heart  
This trial to sustain:  
But yet if this should make you feel distress,  
Leave me to perish here of love's excess,  
Rather than give you pain."

"Morn heralds her coming!  
Then give me to drink.  
Wine shall make the grave gamesome,  
Nor let him once think!  
Sure so clear is the liquor,  
The goblet so fine,  
Who can tell which holds which—  
Is 't the glass? is 't the wine?"

"How many of God's mercies be hid from us,  
Though slight the veil that hides them from the sense  
Of the intelligent! How many matters  
Seem fraught with sorrow in the morning tide,  
Which ere 'tis even make us sing with joy!  
Much ease hath often come after much ill,  
And from the labouring and o'er-burdened heart  
Hath cleared away all sorrow."

"The tracks that they have left I trace,  
And pine for those are far away,  
And water with my tears the place,  
Where late they made their stay,  
And to that power whose mandate stern  
Has doomed their absence hence, I pray,



To make me blessed in their return

Am't were but for a day."

"The rich grows poor! his glory fades away,  
As pale 's the bright sun at the close of day;  
If distant, all unmarked men let him be,  
If present, in the tribe no part hath he.  
He, slinking through the streets, by stealth appears,  
Or sheds, in desert haunts, his gushing tears:  
God knows! a man at his own kinsman's door  
Is but a stranger, if he be but poor!"

We conclude with a sample of the low and ludicrous; and a descriptive quotation in prose most poetical.

"I am so mad in love with the dungdrawer,  
That for him I'd give my life away;  
The gait is so sweet of the dungdrawer,  
It tells of the dancing spray.  
One night it fell out that chance, or fate,  
Presented him mine eyes before,  
Quoth I, 'Love makes me grow less and less,  
Just as it gets more and more.  
With the fire of love inspired by you,  
'This heart of mine you've set in a flame.'  
'T is no wonder,' quoth he, 'if a dungdrawer  
A lamplighter became.'"

**A Garden.**—"It was arched over as it were a portico; in it were vines, and its grapes opposed in colour the red as it were a ruby, and the black as it were ebony; then entered they beneath a trellised bower, and found in it fruits cultivated and uncultivated, and the birds upon the bough singing in melodious tones, and the thousand-noted nightingale reiterating the various modes of song, and the turtle-dove had filled the place with her voice, and the greckle in its utterance as it were a human being, and the ring-dove as if one drinking, intoxicated with wine. The trees had given, in perfection, produce of all edible sorts, and of all kinds of fruits in pairs; the apricot partaking of the camphor-tree, and the almond, and the plum of Khorassan; and the red plum as it were the colour of the fair, and the cherry that humbles the brilliancy of gold, and the fig that parts its red and its white, making two colours; and the birds as 'twere pearl and coral, and the rose that opens with its redness like the cheeks of the lovely ones; and the violet as 'twere a sulphur-match to which fire is applied at night, and the myrtle and the gillyflower, and the peony with the anemones, and these leaflets were gleaming with the copious weepings of the clouds, and the white teeth of the camomile laughed gaily, and the narcissus kept gazing on the rose with its black eyes, and the oranges as 'twere round goblets, and the lemon like rounded balls of gold. The earth was carpeted with flowers of all colours, and the spring advanced and brightened this place with its gladness; the stream in murmuring ripple, and the bird confusedly warbling, and the wind with rustling gush tempering the world to quiet."

We have not taken pains to enter upon the details in which this version of these famous tales differs from others. Upon the question of their origin and antiquity as a same and entire work, opinions vary; but the probability appears to us to be, that as they were transplanted into various countries, alterations, adaptations, and additions, were made, which constitute all the differences that occur in Persian, Egyptian, Middle Asian, and East Indian copies.

*Soldanella, a Fragment; and other Poems.* By George Lloyd. 8vo. pp. 65. London, 1839. Madden; Wrexham, Painter.

We have often said, that so long as there were youth and passion, there would be poetry written and poetry read. This slight volume is one of the proofs thereof. The story of *Soldanella* is one of scenic description, legendary apparition, and unfortunate love.

We quote a passage as a sample of the feeling and spirit of the composition:—

Poor Soldanella sat forlorn,  
Pale her cheek, as the primrose sweet,  
That rises early Spring to greet,  
Hereyes, their gladsome lustre past,  
Around a haggard look scarce cast;  
Beneath whose fringe of darkest silk  
Lurked purple streaks, like early dawn:  
As if with violet steeped in milk,  
Death there her fatal doom had drawn.  
Changed was her form, no more that grace  
Of life and love, but waning trace  
Of misery and madness there:  
Disastrous change, from one so fair!  
At length she rose, and wildly spoke,  
Like dreamer from some strange dream woke;  
'I've come to seek thee among the slain,  
Dear Giallo, upon Morgarten's plain.  
There, there shall thy Soldanella die:  
Where the bridegroom lies, the bride should lie.'"

A song, complementary to the valour and independence of Wales, will afford a fair idea of the merits of the minor poems:—

"Song of the Cymry.  
Ye sons of the heroes, whose bravest tamed  
The proud-soaring eagles of Rome;  
Ye sons of the patriots, whose really swords shamed  
The Saxon that threatened your home:  
Say, what is your watchword? 'It is, and shall be,  
We are sons of the Cymry, we are sons of the free!'  
When the Norman, by treachery, entered your land,  
Your ancestors rushed from their hills;  
Repulsed the invader—then sheathed the red-brand;  
The mountain-air freedom instils!  
What then was your watchword? 'It was, and shall be,  
We are sons of the Cymry, we are sons of the free!'  
The leek is your emblem, and bravely your sires  
That emblem have borne in each clime;  
The thought that inspired them your hearts yet  
Inspires,  
And will to the end of all time!  
For what is your watchword? 'It is, and shall be,  
We are sons of the Cymry, we are sons of the free!'  
Oh! cherish the language your ancestors spoke,—  
Religion, and Liberty's tongue!  
'Tis upright and honest, unbound by a yoke,—  
The language the Cymry bards sung!  
To you then how sacred that language should be,  
The language of Cymry, the word of the free!  
And never let Diacord or Cowardice come,  
In the seats where your fathers have dwelt:  
Oh! never let Fashion, that new-fangled drum,  
Be heard where the bard's strains were felt!  
Beware of the Saxon; our watchword must be,  
'We are sons of the Cymry, we are sons of the free!'"

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Juvenile Scrap-Book.* By Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England." 12mo. pp. 105. London, 1839. Fisher and Co.

SIXTEEN varied and very pretty engravings illustrated by Mrs. Ellis, in tales of prose and verse, recommend the "Juvenile Scrap" of this season. The writer herself seems to indicate that she has been perhaps too grave in her incalculations, and some relief might have been acceptable. The stories are however attractive as well as instructive; and the youthful reader will, we think, feel a sufficient interest in these pages, to make them at the same time a pleasant and a beneficial study—in history, chivalry, old customs and sports, moral lessons enforced by living examples, foreign scenery, &c. &c., are the chief subjects, and altogether form a very agreeable as well as useful miscellany.

*Walks and Wanderings in the World of Literature.* By the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London 1839. Saunders and Otley.

Our indefatigable author is at all events happy in the names and titles of his productions: though in the present instance we do not catch the particular connexion between the contents of his volumes and the "World of Literature." Scottish tales and description is of no great interest or power, and reminiscences of boyhood and country manners, in which there is more of the craft of authorship than

the spirit of originality, are the staple of a publication which nowhere rises above mediocrity.

*Antipopriestian; or, an Attempt to Liberate and Purify Christianity from Popery, Politickirkality, and Priestrule.* By John Rogers. 12mo. pp. 362. London, 1839. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE above title might prepare readers for a literary curiosity, and such is this volume; the first of three, in each of which Mr. Rogers proposes *seriatim* to discuss one of his subjects, viz. 1st. Popery, 2d. Politickirkality, and 3d. Priestrule. It is well for us that the nature of the subject takes it out of the purview of the *Literary Gazette*; for sure we are we should not know how to deal even with this third part of it, further than to say, that it is in form and substance, the coinage of words, the style, and the ideas, about as singular a work as we ever saw.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 15th October. Read, the first part of a paper by Mr. C. Griffin, 'On the question, Why do electrified bodies recede from each other?' Also a paper by Mr. C. V. Walker, describing 'some Effects of Voltaic Electricity on Vegetation.' The battery employed was one of the ordinary troughs of twelve cells, in which ten pairs were excited. It was converted into a constant battery by covering the zinc plates with writing paper, and filling the cells with solution of sulphate of copper. Nine days were allotted for the duration, and mustard seed employed as the subject of each experiment. Under certain circumstances, voltaic electricity appeared to aid, and, under others, retard, the progress of vegetation. Photographs exhibited to the Society the respective conditions of the plants after the nine days' natural and artificial growth. Copper and platinum electrodes were severally used. The copper positive electrode seemed to impregnate the plants with oxide of copper, and so poison them. Mr. Walker has preserved a specimen of these which he intends to submit to chemical test. The next paper read was by Mr. G. Mackrell, 'On the Lamination of Clay by Voltaic Action.' One of four simple arrangements of a single pair of copper and zinc plates, with solutions of sulphate of copper and impure sulphate of zinc, presented a slight appearance of lamination on the copper side of the clay; and on the zinc side there was a thin layer of copper some distance across, and the fracture throughout assumed a perpendicular direction. In one of the others also, there was a trace of lamination on the zinc side. In the other two there was not the least appearance of lamination. From the respective positions of the four arrangements, it would seem that a certain relation of the voltaic current to the magnetic meridian was necessary to the success of this experiment, known as that of Mr. R. Were Fox. The position of the first above described was copper east and zinc west, of the second the reverse, and of the third and fourth, north and south, and south and north. The copper plates used by Mr. Mackrell were engraved plates for cards broken into two parts, and on the surfaces opposite to the zinc plates a considerable thickness of metallic copper was deposited from the sulphate of copper, bearing the reversed impression of the letters of the engraved plate in bas-relief; thus accidentally confirming the experiments of Professor Jacobi as described in his letter to Faraday, dated the 21st June last, and inserted in

the September number of the "London and Edinburgh Philosophical Journal." Previously to the separation of the meeting, Mr. Henley exhibited and described an electro-magnetic machine, the chief improvement in which was stated to consist in breaking contact by means of the magnetism induced in the wires which are placed in the axis of the coil.

#### ROYAL GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF CORNWALL.

Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Council.

In presenting their Twenty-sixth Report, the Council have again to express their regret that the fifth volume of the Society's "Transactions," which was promised at the last meeting, has not yet been completed. The delay is principally owing to the editor, and to circumstances over which he had no control. They, however, believe that it will be published early in the next year. They have recently had to deplore the loss of two of the founders, and most munificent members, of the Society, in the death of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe and Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart., who had frequently filled the offices of vice-presidents. During the past year the additions to the museum have been very considerable: among the most important contributions they particularise a series of specimens, principally from the neighbourhood of Hull, which contains also many from other localities, both British and foreign, from John Edward Lee, Esq., corresponding member of the Society; a collection of shells from the tertiary formations on the skirts of the Alps, from the Chevalier Michelotti, of Turin; and a series of rock specimens and organic remains from Pembrokeshire, from Henry Mac Lauchlan, Esq., F.G.S.; which affords an instructive and admirable illustration of that region, and shews the intimate connexion between it and the fossiliferous rocks of Cornwall. The library has been enriched by the "Transactions" of the American Philosophical Society from its commencement, obtained in exchange for a set of the Society's "Transactions;" and by the purchase of Goldfuss, Deshayes, and Brongniart's admirable works on fossil geology. The Council have, therefore, great pleasure in congratulating the Society on the flourishing state of its collections. As a large proportion of them are deposited in drawers, they consider that additional space ought, if possible, to be obtained for their display, and in order to render them more generally available and useful. In consequence of this augmented and rapidly increasing value of the Society's property, they advise that, for the future, it should be insured in the sum of 1000*l.* instead of 400*l.*, as heretofore. The establishment of an academy for instruction in the collateral branches of the science of mining is an object which has occupied the attention of the Society from its foundation, and its necessity and importance have been often the theme of its reports. The Council congratulate the Society on the accomplishment of this most useful and desirable object by the munificence of Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., and on the ability and reputation of the gentlemen who have been selected to carry it into operation. Its establishment is, however, too recent to admit of an opinion as to its adaptation to the wants of our labouring population; still the Society cannot allow the completion of one of the earliest wishes of its founders to pass without an expression of their most ardent hope for its success.

Signed, by order, W. J. HENWOOD,  
4th October, 1839. Secretary and Curator.

The following papers have been read since

the last report:—1. 'On a Formation of Bog-Iron Ore at Perran Consols Mine,' by W. Mansel Tweedy, Esq., F.H.S., member of the Society. 2. 'Notes accompanying a Series of Specimens from some Parts of Pembrokeshire,' by Henry Mac Lauchlan, Esq., F.G.S., corresponding member of the Society. 3. 'Notice of the Discovery of Organic Remains in the Quartzose Slate of Gerraun Bay,' by Charles W. Peach, Esq., associate of the Society. 4. 'On the Mineral Composition and Mechanical Structure of the Metalliferous Veins of Cornwall, and their Relations to the Rocks they traverse,' by W. J. Henwood, F.G.S., London and Paris, Hon. M.Y.P.S., secretary of the Society, and curator of the museum. 5. 'An Account of the Quantity of Copper produced in the United Kingdom, in the year ending 30th June, 1839,' by Alfred Jenkin, Esq. From the curator's report, it appears that donations to the museum and library have been numerous and interesting; and, from the treasurer's report, that this excellent Society continues to flourish as all the friends of useful science could wish.

#### STATISTICS OF ENGLAND.

*Marriages, Births, Deaths, and Diseases, June 30th, 1837-38.*—It appears from a report recently presented to Parliament, that 111,781 marriages were entered during the year ending June 30th, 1838: 24,030 during the first quarter; 34,449 during the second; 23,201 during the third; and 29,801 during the fourth quarter, ending June 30th, 1838. Matrimony was at a maximum in the third quarter, at a minimum in the quarter ending March 31st. 3575 males and 16,863 females were not of full age. 107,301 marriages were performed according to the rites of the established church; and of these it is stated, that nine were by special license. 13,677 by license, 68,410 by banns, 403 by superintendent registrars' certificates. The number of marriages solemnised not according to the rites of the established church, was 4280; namely, 2976 in registered places of worship, 1093 in superintendent registrars' offices, 76 between Quakers, and 135 between Jews. The births of 204,983 males, and 194,849 females, were registered: 74,588 in the first quarter, 89,528 in the second quarter, 115,615 in the third quarter, and 121,781 in the fourth quarter. The register of births is imperfect, as the parties are only compelled to give information when applied to by the registrars: hence a great number of the children of the poor escaped registration in the first year. It appears, however, that the number registered were on the increase; but it can never be complete until the registration of births is rendered compulsory, as it is in other countries. The total number of deaths registered in the first year was 335,956; namely, 170,965 males, and 164,991 females. The mortality of males is higher than that of females. After a correction for the increase of population, &c., the mortality was nearly equal in the registration of births; this has therefore been successful beyond all expectation. The probable number of burials registered in the parochial registers is estimable at 291,715; while the number of deaths registered under the new system was 335,956; or adding 2704 that occurred in the first year, and were registered in the beginning of the second, 338,660; thus exceeding the estimated number in the parochial registers of burials by 46,945. The imperfection of the old system deprived a great proportion of the population of the civil advantages of registration; and rendered all attempts at calculating the mortality of the English population futile. Accurate tables of mortality, and just rates of life assurance, &c., directly applicable to different parts of the population, could not be calculated from the registers of burials. Of the 335,956 deaths, 131,034 were children under 5 years of age: 39,890 males, 31,938 females, died in the first year of life. The deaths are stated at each year of life in 25 different divisions. The deaths in the metropolis were 53,597; in the district of Manchester and Salford, 8373; in Liverpool and West Derby, 9,042; in Leeds, 3573; in Birmingham, 3317. From the appendix containing an abstract of the fatal diseases, it appears that the mortality in the first half-year was 2 per cent; while the mortality in the second half-year (January 1 to June 30, 1838), including the season of excessive cold, was 2.4 per cent. In the half-year measles destroyed 4733 lives; scarlatina, 2320; whooping-cough, 3044; diarrhoea, 2755; but neither influenza nor cholera was extensively epidemic in this period; and small-pox and typhus were the reigning maladies. Small-pox destroyed 3911 lives in the half-year; 219 in Exeter, 172 in Bath, 634 in Liverpool and West Derby. 4047 persons died of typhus. 36,522 deaths were attributed to diseases of the respiratory organs; and of these 27,754 to consumption—20 per cent of the total deaths. Nearly 4 die of consumption annually out of 1000 living; and 4.2 out of 1000 females, 3.4 out of 1000 males. 1365 females died in childbirth; 4645 violent deaths—3605 of males, 1240 of females, were registered. The excess of males was 2365, and it more

than counterbalanced the mortality of childbirth. The diseases of different parts of the kingdom differ very much in intensity. The comparative tables of the diseases in cities and in the open country are given. It appears that in 1831, the population of the metropolitan division, including Greenwich, was 1,604,800; and the population of five counties—Cornwall, Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire—was nearly the same, or 1,669,084. The total deaths in the metropolis amounted to 24,950, in the counties only to 15,210. The deaths in 24 city districts, including Manchester, Liverpool, &c., were 22,994; in seven counties, with nearly the same population, the deaths only amounted to 14,473. The following table shews the classes of diseases by which the mortality was occasioned; and the remarks explain the cause of the increased mortality in cities:—

Deaths by Twelve Classes of Fatal Diseases in City and in County Districts.		Cities.	Counties.
Estimated population, Oct. 1. 1837		3,552,161	3,500,750
Epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases	12,706	6,045	
Sporadic diseases			
Of the nervous system	7,705	3,607	
respiratory organs	12,619	7,547	
organs of circulation	590	309	
digestive organs	3,476	1,832	
urinary organs	219	161	
organs of generation	460	265	
organs of locomotion	362	154	
integumentary system	62	55	
Of uncertain seat	4,396	3,730	
Age	2,924	3,102	
Not specified	1,570	929	
Not specified	1,104	1,657	
Total	47,953	29,693	

The concentration of the population in cities doubles the deaths from the two first classes of disease: the ratio of deaths having been as 1 to 2.11, and 1 to 2.13; and the augmentation in the latter class occurs principally in consumptions and hydrocephalus. Deaths by convulsions, counties, 1347; cities, 3733; ratio, 1 to 2.76; by hydrocephalus, counties, 559; cities, 1540; ratio, 1 to 2.75. The three following diseases, which principally affect adults between the ages of 15 and 65, shew that unhealthy places augment the fatality of diseases in different degrees:—

Deaths by consumption	Increase per cent.	
	Counties.	Cities.
childbirth	217	372
typhus	1264	3456
		221

The occupations in cities are not more laborious than agriculture, and the great mass of the town population have constant exercise and employment; and their houses are higher, their dwellings are good, their clothing is warm, and their food certainly as substantial, as that of the agricultural labourer. The Poor Law inquiry, and successive parliamentary committees, have shewn that the families of agricultural labourers subsist upon a moderate supply of animal food, and an abundant supply of bread and potatoes. The source of the higher mortality in cities is, therefore, in the insalubrity of the atmosphere. Every human being expires about 666 cubic feet of gas daily, which, if collected in a receiver, would destroy other animals; and is constantly producing, in a variety of ways, the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, yielding poisonous emanations in houses, workshops, dirty streets, and bad sewers. The smoke of fires and the products of combustion are also poisonous. All gases and effluvia, like odours, are diffusible; they have a certain force of diffusion, which Professor Graham has expressed numerically; and all emanations from human habitations in the open country mingle, almost as soon as they escape, in the currents of the atmosphere: but locate, instead of one individual to a square mile of land (the supposed density of population in the uncultivated forests of America, and the steppes of Asia), 200,000 individuals upon a square mile, as soldiers in a camp, and the poison will be concentrated 200,000 fold; intersect the space in every direction by 10,000 high walls, which overhang the narrow streets, shut out the sunlight, and intercept the movements of the atmosphere; let the rejected vegetables, the offal of slaughtered animals, the filth produced in every way decay in the houses and courts, or stagnate in the wet streets; bury the dead in the midst of the living; and the atmosphere will be an active poison, which will destroy, as it did in London formerly, and as it does in Constantinople now, 5-7 per cent of the inhabitants annually, and generate, when the temperature is high, recurring plagues, in which a fourth part of the entire population will perish. But the health will be little more impaired by residence upon 1 than upon 100 square miles, if means can be devised for supplying the 200,000 individuals with 200,000,000 cubic feet of pure air daily, and for removing the principal sources of poisonous exhalations. The latter object is easily accomplished by paved, even streets, by the scavenger, by an abundant supply of water, by large, well-constructed trapped sewers, and by domestic habits of cleanliness; but it is difficult to perceive how volatile impurities can be removed, and how a stream of uncontaminated air can be supplied where the sun cannot heat the earth and air, where there are no open squares, or the streets are narrow, or the houses are only separated by courts, or built in *cul de sac*. It will be found, *ceteris paribus*, that the mortality increases as the density of the

population increases; and where the density and the affluence are the same, that the rate of mortality depends upon the efficiency of the ventilation, and of the means which are employed for the removal of impurities. It is stated that the general adoption throughout the country of sanitary measures, which are in actual but partial operation, would probably reduce the annual number of deaths in England and Wales by 30,000, and diminish the numbers constantly disabled by sickness in the same proportion.—*The Times*.

### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, October 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Divinity, Grand Compounder*.—R. W. Jelf, Canon of Christ Church.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. T. Watson, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. H. P. Dunster, Magdalen Hall; W. H. Le Marchant, Exeter College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—Rev. J. T. Barclay, St. Edmund Hall; W. F. Sims, Magdalen Hall; G. F. Goddard, Demy of Magdalen College; J. Innes, Trinity College; A. L. Bean, Pembroke College.

Cambridge, October 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. J. Morton, Trinity College, incumbent of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester.

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. G. Langshaw, St. John's College.

*Masters of Arts*.—L. C. Booth; W. Oliver, St. Peter's College; J. Pullin, Clare Hall.

*Bachelor of Arts*.—T. R. Drake, Corpus Christi College. A grace also passed to confer the degree of M.A. upon J. P. Gell, B.A., of Trinity College, by Royal Mandate.

### ASIATIC SOCIETY.

[Concluded from page 631.]

"The fourth division of Asia to which the Committee have directed their inquiries, is that which contains those countries in Arabia, Persia, India, and the Eastern Isles, the natives of which have been from time immemorial in the habit of purchasing slaves from the eastern coast of Africa. The friends of the abolition of slavery having attained the object which they had in view in the West Indies, and having succeeded in getting slavery abolished in that part of the world, seem determined to direct their attention to getting slavery and the slave-trade abolished in the Eastern part of the world. As there is every reason to believe that they will succeed in accomplishing that object in the East which they have already accomplished in the West, and that the people of Arabia, Persia, India, and the Eastern Islands, will no longer be able to get slaves from the eastern coast of Africa; it is probable that slavery will, ere long, be abolished in those parts of Asia, and that a change must take place, in consequence of this event, in the manners, usages, and feelings of themselves, and of their descendants.\* The fifth

\* As many persons have, in consequence of the discussions which have recently taken place in both houses of parliament, relative to the state of slavery in India, and of the slave-trade in the Indian seas, expressed a wish to know what has hitherto been done in India upon those questions, the following note is added.—From 1802 to 1809 the attention, as well of the people who inhabit the western coast of India, and southern coast of Arabia, as of those who inhabit the coasts of the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, and the eastern coast of Africa, was frequently called to the subject of slavery, and to that of the slave-trade, by various measures which Sir Alexander Johnston carried into effect during that period on the island of Ceylon. In 1800, Sir Alexander having been sent to England by the government of that island, for the express purpose of proposing and explaining to his majesty's ministers a variety of different measures which he thought necessary to be adopted for the improvement of the island, and of the situation of the natives, proposed to them, amongst other, the necessary measures for attaining the following objects:—1st. For putting an end to the slave-trade in the Indian seas. 2d. For putting an end to the state of domestic slavery on the island of Ceylon. 3d. For putting an end to the state of slavery which prevailed amongst all the people who belong to the three castes, called the Coria, the Nellia, and Palla castes, on that island. 4th. For putting an end to the right of forced labour, which, as well the government of the island as certain privileged persons, claimed by ancient usage from very numerous classes of inhabitants on the island. 5th. For inducing the Imam of Muscat to make over the island of Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa, to the British government; and to co-operate

division of Asia to which the Committee have directed their inquiries, is that which contains the people who inhabit the high lands in the different ranges of mountains which run from the Himalaya mountains, north, to Cape Comorin, south; who, from being of a more robust make, and less pertinacious about caste, are supposed to be better adapted than the other people of India, to labour for hire in the West Indies, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Australia. The Committee, judging from the want of labourers, which is now experienced by the proprietors in the West Indies, in the settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Australia, conceive that those proprietors will naturally endeavour to induce the inhabitants of the high lands of India to emigrate from their own country to those different countries in which their labour is required; and should they succeed, which is not improbable, in doing so, it is obvious that a very great change must take place in the feelings, manners, and opinions, not only of those who emigrate from India, but also of those who live in their neighbourhood.\* Con-

with them in preventing the exportation of slaves from that coast to the Mauritius, and different parts of Asia. His majesty's ministers, having fully approved of these measures, appointed Sir Alexander Chief Justice, and President of His Majesty's Council on the island of Ceylon, and invested him with such powers as were requisite for enabling him to carry them into effect. In 1811, on his return to Ceylon, he took out with him a commission for trying and punishing all such persons as might be guilty of the offence of trading in slaves, contrary to the act which had been recently passed, declaring that offence to be felony; and, on his arrival there, he immediately caused the commission and that act to be proclaimed and published throughout Asia and the Indian seas. In the year 1813 (see 9th Report of the African Institution), some men of importance and influence in Africa, Arabia, India, and the Eastern Islands, having been guilty of trading in slaves on Ceylon, were tried, convicted, and punished, at Colombo, under the above act; a circumstance which excited great interest in the several countries to which the prisoners respectively belonged. On the 12th of August, 1816, Sir Alexander having previously brought out with him from England a charter under the great seal, granting to the native inhabitants of Ceylon the right of sitting upon juries, and being tried by juries of their own countrymen for any offences with which they might be charged, and also many other rights and privileges of British subjects, all the proprietors of domestic slaves on the island, came to the great resolution, out of gratitude to the British government, for having granted to them these privileges, declaring free all children born of their slaves after the 12th of August, 1816, and thereby put an end to the state of domestic slavery which had prevailed on Ceylon for 300 years (see 11th Report of the African Institution). In 1817, measures were taken by the Ceylon government for carrying into effect a plan proposed by Sir Alexander Johnston to his majesty's ministers some years before, for gradually emancipating all the people of the Coria, Nellia, and Palla castes, from the particular description of slavery to which they were subject; and in 1824, an order was passed by his majesty in council, in England, for carrying into effect a plan which had also some years before been proposed by Sir Alexander to his majesty's ministers for abolishing the right of the government on Ceylon, and certain privileged individuals, to exact forced labour from numerous classes of the inhabitants of the island. Shortly after the trial which has been mentioned as having taken place in 1813, Sir Alexander having had frequent communications with various subjects of the Imam of Muscat, for the purpose of inducing the Imam to co-operate with the British government in preventing the exportation of slaves from the eastern coast of Africa; and having imparted his views upon the subject of the island of Zanzibar to the Marquess of Hastings, then governor-general of India, his lordship, sometime afterwards, succeeded in getting the Imam of Muscat to offer to surrender the island of Zanzibar to the British government, upon certain conditions; of which offer his lordship informed Sir Alexander, who, however, on stating the circumstance to the African Institution, found that some obstacles had occurred to prevent the British government from accepting this offer. Sir Alexander, about three years ago, availing himself of the friendly relations which subsisted between Captain Cogan and the Imam, who is now an honorary member of this Society, wrote a letter through Captain Cogan to the Imam, and a short time afterwards received an answer from the Imam, declaring that he was anxious to co-operate in every way in his power with the British government in preventing the exportation of slaves from the eastern coast of Africa.

\* Sir Alexander Johnston called the attention of the Society to the very curious and interesting papers upon the history and manners of the different people of this

considering the importance which must be attached at the present moment by Great Britain to every description of information relative to British India, the Committee feel it to be their duty to seize the opportunity of expressing their hope that the British government of India will exert their power, patronage, and influence, both with the natives of the country and with their civil and military servants, in encouraging them to collect, arrange, and publish detailed observations, relative as well to the agriculture, manufactures, productions, botany, and natural history of British India, as to the manners, laws, customs, usages, history, and religion, of all the different classes of people who inhabit that vast empire; and thereby emulate the bright examples which have been set them in ancient and modern times, by distinguished sovereigns and governments, who have at different times presided over the destinies of all those nations which can in any way be compared, either for extent of dominion, or for numbers and variety of people and productions, with that extraordinary empire which is now possessed in India by Great Britain. Alexander the Great afforded Aristotle the most ample means for making the collection of facts in natural history, and in every branch of science and literature, from which he prepared those numerous works that still continue, after the lapse of 2000 years, to exercise their influence upon the present age. The republic of Rome assisted Pliny with all their power, in obtaining materials for his work on natural history. The Khalifa of Bagdad in Asia, those of Fez and Morocco in Africa, and those of Seville and Cordova in Europe, patronised the ablest and most learned men in their dominions, in rescuing from oblivion the science and literature of the Greeks and Romans, and in adding by their own inquiries, studies, and observations, to the knowledge of previous ages in arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, astronomy, medicine, and every department of natural history. The kings of Spain, as soon as they had conquered Mexico and Peru, employed several of their officers in preserving those materials which have enabled many distinguished writers of the present day to illustrate the history of those interesting nations. The late Empress of Russia, Catherine II., devoted large sums of money, and employed all her influence, in assisting Pallas to collect local information in every part of her Asiatic provinces, and in writing a detailed account of whatever was remarkable in those provinces; and the republic of France, even in the midst of foreign wars and internal confusion, when they sent Bonaparte to make the conquest of Egypt, sent along with him a commission composed of some of the ablest men in France, in every branch of science and literature, to procure on the spot a thorough knowledge of the country and of the people, and have, thereby, enabled the French nation to lay before Europe such a history of Egypt and the Egyptians as reflects the highest honour upon the men who composed the commission, and upon the nation which enabled them to prosecute their inquiries. No nation in the world ever possessed so extensive a field and such efficient means as Great Britain now possesses, for collecting every description of valuable information relative to India. She has territories extending from the Himalaya mountains, north, to Point de Galle, south,

description, in different parts of India, by Captain A. Mackintosh, of the Madras Military Service; particularly to his valuable account of the Mahader Colles, and of the tribe of Ramocoes; and expressed his hope that Captain Mackintosh will continue his very useful inquiries into that subject."



through upwards of thirty degrees of latitude; and from the Gulf of Cambay, west, to the frontiers of China; east, through upwards of forty degrees of longitude. Some of them not more than a few inches, others not less than 26,000 feet, above the level of the sea, exhibiting the effects of every variety of climate, having in them almost every modification of mineral, vegetable, and animal production; containing, in different parts of their population, human beings influenced by every variety of religious opinion, and by every description of laws, manners, and usages; intersected by, or lying contiguous to, some of the largest rivers in Asia,—the Brahmaputra, Ganges, Indus, Nerbudda, Tapti, Kistnah, Coleroon, and Cavery; and having a sea-coast of nearly 5000 miles in extent, for the most part open to the Indian Ocean. She has a standing army of upwards of 250,000 men, commanded by well-educated and enterprising men, having under their control and direction a body of engineers and medical officers, who have had the most scientific education which can be given to men in their respective professions, and which peculiarly fits them for every description of scientific research. She has establishments upon the most extensive scale for making surveys of the country; she has numbers of draughtsmen, printing-presses, and lithographic transferring machines, for the purposes of recording and illustrating all the information which may be collected; she has a post, which travels night and day, at the rate of four miles an hour, from the banks of Sutledge, north, to Dewander Head, or Ceylon, south; and from Surat, west, to Sylhet, east; and which can convey information from Calcutta, the capital of British India, to every part of her dominions in the east, within sixteen or seventeen days. An annual revenue of upwards of twenty millions sterling, and a local government, unchecked in its scientific or literary projects by any local control. With these advantages, the people of India, on the one hand, may be enabled to communicate to the people of England a thorough knowledge of the productions of their country, and of the nature of their wants; while the people of England, on the other, may be enabled to communicate to the people of India a knowledge of the latest improvements in the arts and sciences of Europe; and by raising their moral and political situation in their own country, enable them to enjoy and exercise, with honour to themselves, and with advantage to their country, all the rights and privileges of freemen and of British subjects. Under these circumstances, the people of India, the people of Great Britain, and the people of Europe, have each a right to expect from the British government in India, that they will enable them respectively to avail themselves of the opportunity which is afforded them by the position in which India now stands with respect to Great Britain, of becoming thoroughly acquainted with every fact which may render this position a benefit, as well to India, and Great Britain in particular, as to Europe in general.”\*

\* “Sir Alexander Johnston stated to the Society that Lord Auckland, ever since he has been governor-general of British India, has taken the most efficient measures for attaining the literary and scientific objects which the Society have in view; that he has already sent to England some very useful and interesting communications, relative to different parts of the country; and that he has made arrangements for collecting such information as may be wanted relative to all those countries through which the British armies are about to march, on their way to Candahar, Ghazni, and Caubul.”

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Sketches of Poets who have been afflicted by Aberration of Mind.*

NO. I. COWPER.

In pensive mood along the winding Ouse  
Who yonder strays to woo the evening Muse?  
'Tis Olney's bard that, 'neath the poplars' shade,  
Seeks with his Mary the "cool colonnade;"  
While happy *Beau* runs barking by their side,  
And eyes the lilies glittering in the tide.  
Unhappy Cowper! Fancy's darling child,  
Whose strains my youthful morn so oft beguiled,  
How hath my heart with deep compassion bled,  
When of thy woes and sufferings I have read!  
For ah! 'twas thine to pass long years of woe,  
A wretched pilgrim in the vale below:  
The fibres of thy gentle soul were torn  
By all the pangs of "moody madness" born;  
And even Religion, Misery's common friend,  
To thee alone her balm refused to send.  
Ah! how could he that taught the way on high,  
E'er deem himself an outcast from the sky;  
Or think the bard inspired by heavenly love  
Should be excluded from the realms above?  
But now, meek sufferer, all thy pangs are o'er,  
Thy bark at length hath reach'd the sunlit shore, [roar.  
Where no wild billows beat, no raging tempests  
Then rest in peace within thy tranquil shrine,  
Till angels breathe around thee strains like thine:  
And then, admitted to the realms on high,  
That bliss thou'lt share which Earth did still deny.  
There Theodora shall thy presence greet;  
And there again thy Mary thou shalt meet;  
Kind Hesketh, too, shall join the friendly choir;  
There ardent Newton glow with milder fire:  
With seraph-hymns thy palm-wreathed lyre shall sound,  
While blessed spirits stand entranced around;  
And angel harps the music shall prolong,  
And to Jehovah swell the glorious song.

R. B. S.

*Translation of Victor Hugo's "La Tombe dit," &c.,  
Les Voix Intérieures, XXXI.*

THE grave said to the rose—  
"O flower of love,  
Where go the tears that dewy morn on thee  
Sheds from above?"  
The rose said to the grave—  
"Grave, tell me this—  
Where go the souls that daily disappear  
In thine abyss?"  
The rose replied—"O sad  
And dismal tomb,  
Out of those tears do I distil  
A sweet perfume."  
The grave replied—"O flower,  
Blushing and bright,  
Out of the souls that come to me I make  
Angels of light."

J. H. M.

## BIOGRAPHY.

SIR ANDREW HALLIDAY.

WE copy the following obituary of an individual whom we knew and esteemed, from a Dumfriess journal, "The Courier" we believe, and edited by one of our most popular writers—Mr. John McDiarmid:—"Sir Andrew Halliday died at Dumfries on the 7th day of September last; he has not long survived the wasting climate of the West Indies, where he was inspector of hospitals. He retired to the air of his native country; but it

was only to droop and die. His life from his youth up was one of action. He served on the staff of the army both in Portugal and Spain; was at the assault of Bergen-op-Zoom, and at the battle of Waterloo; and accompanied William IV., when Duke of Clarence, in his journeys abroad in quest of health. He was a good scholar as well as a skilful physician, and his varied and almost general intelligence obtained him high esteem with princes abroad as well as at home. Like his dalesman, Telford the engineer, whom he knew and loved, he was of humble parentage, though of good and ancient blood, for he came from that brave 'Thom Halliday, my sister's son so dear,' as he was called by the renowned Sir William Wallace. He knew most of the episcopal history of Scotland, and was familiar with his country's antiquities; he knew as much of the poetry and traditions of the land as if they had been the study of his life. He had skill as well as taste in literature and in natural philosophy, as his 'History of the House of Hanover,' and his 'West Indies' sufficiently prove. He had collected materials for writing an account of the chief campaigns of Wellington, which he had witnessed. He loved ingenious men; he was ever ready to do a good deed or speak a kind word; and such was his generous nature, that though he met with a base return to-day, he was ready to befriend the meritorious to-morrow. He took so much care in helping others on in their fortune, that we fear he neglected his own; his half-pay at home was not large, and Portugal, we have heard, stopped his well-merited annuity, serving him as she served her other benefactors. We hope this country will remember that his lady survives him. We knew him, and loved him with the love that is due to the generous and good, and say of him, without a chance of contradiction,—"A warmer heart death ne'er made cold."

## THE DRAMA.

CONSIDERABLE activity has prevailed in the drama since our last, and a number of novelties have been produced at the various theatres.

Covent Garden took the lead on Monday with Beaumont and Fletcher's fine acting play of *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, for the sake of introducing to the stage Mr. G. Vandenhoff, a son of the popular tragedian, and who appeared in the character of *Leon*. The choice was judicious, for the part is in itself effective, and requires little more than person, voice, manner, and the usual dramatic attributes for the personation of genteel comedy, to ensure success; and all these, except, perhaps, ease and usage in treading the boards, the *débutant* possesses in a palpable degree. The defects, therefore, are those incident to inexperience; the merits, of a permanent order. Still, we must speak of the *début* as one more of promise than of actual performance; for, whether proceeding from nervousness or some other cause, the stronger portions of the cast were not given with the force of which they are susceptible, and the situations were accordingly not made the most of. Judgment, and a freedom from exaggeration or overdoing the part, being the foundations, we may look for the qualities now wanting to be supplied as Mr. Vandenhoff becomes more and more practised in his profession. Mrs. Nisbett's *Estifania* was capital, though more subdued than we expected from her buoyancy—a buoyance which could not be better bestowed in abundance than upon this character. Mr. C. Mathews has not the stamina to which we have been accustomed in *Perex*, but made a lively swagger go as far as it could, and was

altogether very amusing. The other parts were well sustained by Selby, Fitzjames, Mrs. Brougham, Miss A. Taylor, &c.; and we must make a special exception in the way of much higher praise in favour of Bartley's *Cacéfogo*, F. Mathews's old woman, and her daughter, Mr. Meadows.

On Wednesday, the opera of *Artaxerxes* was produced: *Artaxerxes*, Vestris; *Arbaces*, W. Harrison; *Semira*, Miss A. Taylor; *Artabanes*, Mr. Borroni (first appearance on the English stage) and *Mandane*, Miss Austin (a pupil of Mr. Welsh, and her first appearance), respecting whose musical endowments report had been previously busy and loud, so that the house boasted of a full and fashionable audience at the rising of the curtain. There are two modes of judging of such appeals; either by comparison with the past, or by pushing that aside and looking only at the effort *per se* in reference to the existing condition of the art. If we apply the first of these tests, and consider, also, the great advance which has taken place in the public taste, we should only be able to compliment Miss Austin on a moderate degree of triumph. We should say that she was a sweet and elegant little *Mandane*, very highly accomplished in the music, with a fine rather than a rich organ, and well taught to look, gesticulate, and act the part. But, alas! how tame and inefficient when contrasted with the glorious *Mandanes* of former years! With reference to the present state of the stage, Miss Austin's claims come more prominently and advantageously forward, and she may justly be welcomed to it as a charming acquisition. The great trial song, "The Soldier Tired," was expressly given, but wanted power, and when encoored, the repetition exhibited this want more obviously. Vestris was not quite at home in *Artaxerxes*, but sung "In Infancy our Hopes and Fears" so sweetly as to merit a universal encore.

In *Arbaces*, Mr. Harrison was eminently successful, and also fairly won an encore to "Water parted from the Sea," which he gave in almost a perfect style. The two or three notes in which he partially failed in both occasions, hardly detracted from the execution and finish of the whole. Miss A. Taylor did the little *Semira* has to do in a very pleasing manner; and Mr. Borroni was all alive in *Artabanes*, which he acted rather too much and sung very well. At the end the applause was general, and Miss Austin was called forward to receive it in person; after which a cry was raised for Mr. Borroni (pronounced "Brawny, Brawny!") in pit and gallery, so that it was some time before it was ascertained what was wanted. At last, however, Mr. B. appeared and made his bow, and whimsically remained behind Mr. Harrison whilst he was giving out the opera for repetition on Friday. Mr. Welsh presided admirably in the orchestra, and the scenery and dresses were most appropriate and beautiful. It affords a pleasing anticipation to find *opera* so ably done here, as to afford great variety with the comedy and lighter pieces of the season.

At *The Haymarket* we have a new farce entitled *His Last Legs*, from the popular pen of Mr. Bernard. When we mention that it is Power who is on his last legs, and that the character fits his foot to a T, we have said enough to account for a good hour's continual laughter every night, and the entire success of the entertainment. The plot has some resemblance to the *Irish Tutor*, but the difference in the chief character (*O'Callaghan* being a reduced Irish gentleman), would make the variety sufficient, were it not made so by new situations and the diversity of other parts. Among these,

*Charles Rivers*, very cleverly and amusingly played by Mr. Walter Lacy, and *Mrs. Montague*, a widow and former flame of *O'Callaghan's*, as ably performed by Mrs. Clifford, are the most prominent. The whim of the farce turns mainly upon the ridicule of animal magnetism; and to see Power manipulate his patients, and explain the process by which cures are effected, is quite irresistible. He certainly contrives to mesmerize and convulse the audience at the same time; and if he wants any talent, it would be that of composing them again, which we defy him to do.

*The Adelphi* has brought out a great, an enormous performer,—an Elephant, superior in wisdom to Ganesi or Mlle. d'Jeck. The only part of his performance which is lame, is a mere and well-acted pretence of lameness from his journey; he dances like Taglioni, drinks like Drunken Barnaby, feeds like Alderman —; and, what is wonderful, walks over his prostrate master without hurting him, which is more than any nobleman, steward, or gentleman's agent, could do. But he is a surprising beast, and worth his weight in ivory.

*Asley's*.—The *Lion King*, though only a *Carter*, has been riding his triumphal chariot triumphantly throughout the week; and seems to have got his menagerie into such subjection that we do not think he will be eaten for a month to come. It is only the gallery door-keepers who are torn to pieces from four to six o'clock daily, which may be seen for nothing in the Westminster Road.

Of *The Strand Theatre*, Mr. Hammond took his leave on Saturday, when it closed its season. He spoke as mysteriously as the Delphic oracle of the projects at Drury Lane, but as it opens on the 26th, we shall then get into these Sibyl secrets.

#### VARIETIES.

*Improvements*.—Among new improvements we see announced the formation of a company entitled "The Common Road Steam Conveyance Company," whose object is to expedite travelling by means of Colonel Macaroni's steam-carriages, which are affirmed to ascend steep hills at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. Another proposition proposes to establish a Life Insurance Company, but with the novel feature of also making a provision for invalids and aged insurers. The Prospectus is sustained by names of rank, weight, and character; and if the calculations hold good, assuredly no objects can be more worthy of public consideration. To aid sickness and infirmity, and to create funds for loans and endowments of children, deserve the attention of every father of a family.

*Poisons*.—In a communication from M. Orfila to the Paris Academy of Medicine, he has, it is stated, shewn that the arsenic obtained by his boiling process, as a test of poisoning, cannot be mistaken for arsenic introduced, either by the chemical tests applied to detect it, or by communication from the earth in which a corpse is interred, or existent in the body itself; and has laid down precise rules for making the distinction. This must be of great service to the study of forensic medicine, and tend much to the elucidation of crime.

*New York Theatre*.—The national theatre at New York (Mr. Wallack's) has been burnt down; and the flames from it have caused a far-extended conflagration, in which several churches have been destroyed. Mr. Kean having recovered from a fit of sickness, was to have played on the night after the accident;

and Mr. Vandenhoff, we regret to hear, has suffered much loss in his stage wardrobe, &c. by the calamity. We fear, however, that Mr. Wallack must be the most unfortunate loser.

The newspapers state that her majesty has commissioned Mr. C. R. Stanley to make a series of drawings from views of the beautiful scenery in Windsor Park, as now seen, and of her majesty's own selection.

*Regular Far-Westerners*.—Talk of bulls! I knew an ox so fat that his shadow stuck to the ground for an hour after he was gone!

Talk of spirits! I had a cask of whisky so genöine, that, after drinking a glass of it, you spoke broad Scotch perfectly; and after three tumblers, pure Gaelic!

*Sonnet and Acrostic*.—*Paternoster Row*.  
P. AUSE, stranger, gazer on Paternoster Row,  
A place coeval with our Christian claim!  
T. He naves world's great publishing dépot;  
E. ver o'erflowing with new-minted fame,  
R. ected bright from many an honoured name,  
N. o end to fancy in that voiceless tomb!  
O. what a world of spirits now lie tame!  
S. ion-like when life was in its bloom!  
T. here live the dead, there read their varied doom,  
E. ach calmly sleeping in his foeman's arms,  
R. efection lighting up the boards of gloom,  
R. ected most by those who feel their charms.  
O. ur Father's Row, thou hast the world's regard,  
W. hile but a lane obscure, nestles St. Paul's Churchyard!

ANDREW PARK.

*A Natural Doubt*.  
Thus lately preached good B.—N.—  
Taking his text from prophet Joel:  
"Would you have all your sins forgiven,  
Let every thought be fixed on heaven."  
So far so good; yet, teacher say,  
To which bright world you point the way—  
The one within you assure skies?  
Or that which beams in Anna's eyes?  
For if you mean her eyes' dark apple,  
I'm the best Christian in your chapel.

OSTROGOTH.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*Schloss's tiny Bijou Almanack* has this year been consigned to the poetical talent of Lover, and could not have been in better hands. The six portraits are of the Duchesses of Sutherland, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Persiani, Moore, Macready, and Sir Martin Shee—one half of them, at least, Irish subjects "in little," and, therefore, most fit to be given by a true-hearted Irishman, an admirable Irish miniature painter, and an Irish bard of whose genius "Hory O'More" is only one bright national scintillation. As the larger Annuals are now coming into bloom, we must not forget our own sweet and cherished floweret among their gayer and gaudier blossoms.

We rejoice to learn that a new work by Sam Slick has been struck off the anvil of the Great Western, and may soon be looked for among our new publications.

#### In the Press.

A second series of *Enlarged Gleanings, Historical and Literary*, including an Essay on Emulations.—*Bibliotheca Scholastica*; or, a Classical and Archaeological Dictionary, of the Manners, Customs, Laws, Institutions, Arts, Literature, &c., of all the most celebrated Nations of Antiquity; by P. AUSTIN NUTTALL, LL.D.

#### CONJUNCTION PHILICOLOGY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

October 1st, 1839.

SIR,—I have this instant read in "The Times" of to-day two lines of South Australian, with their translation. Knowing nothing of the language, it strikes me nevertheless at the moment, that it is nearly all Irish, or at an amazing degree. I am not aware of any grammar or vocabulary being in England, but am tempted, in utter darkness, to essay at a conjectural etymology; and will cheerfully bear the ridicule of error, if wrong, for the sake of a very curious philological analogy, if the deductions are correct.—I am, &c.

B. E. FORA.  
*Australian Language* from "The Times," October 1st, 1839.  
"Turklers ninko nokkon turk onno mayoo wadpen tongke."  
Constantly you see white men make clothes.

"Arache ningo booly onno mayoo boora wangan."  
Plenty you black men by and by speak English.

1. *Turklers* and *arache*, containing same roots, assimilate in sense.

2. *Ninko*, is clearly *you*,—*ing-on-ang*, existing person or things.

3. *Bark* (onno) is the Hebrew, *בָּרַךְ* } White,  
boora of second line. } Indian, *burrah*, } great,  
Caribbean, *bukra*, }

consequently referring to English as whites.  
4. *Onno* is one of second line (Asiatic and Europ., old Persian, Arabic, English, &c.), *een*, *an*, *man*, as belonging to—possession.

5. *Mayoo*, in first line, probably verb make; for it second line, the verb *speak* requires a representative; and *mayoo* is found there—both third persons plural.

6. *Bodily*, of second line, by juxtaposition with one (see first line too), must be black (Indian, bales, wild, dark).

7. *Nobility*, by relative position, must be *see*, second person singular.

8. *Wagoner*, by relative position, must be *clothes*.

9. *Wagoner*, by relative position, must be *by* and *by*—English.

Such are my philological conjectures.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, Vol. IV., new series, 8vo. 14s.—Cruwell's Original Housekeeper's Account-Book, 1840, 4to. 2s.—Life and Services of Nelson, by Clarke and M'Arthur, Vol. I., 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Character and Costume of Turkey, Italy, &c., by T. Altieri, folio. 3s. 2s.—Food for Babes; or, First Sermons, 18mo. 3s.—Buddicom's Christian Exodus, 2d edition, 2 vols. 1cap. 14s.—The Minister's Manual for Visiting the Sick, by the Rev. H. V. Victor, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Wright's Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, Vol. I., 8vo. 14s.—Vegetable Organography, by M. Aug. P. De Candolle, translated by R. Kingdom, Vol. I., 8vo. 14s.—Meyen's Report on Vegetable Physiology, translated by W. Francis, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Bell's Elements of Algebra (Chambers's Educational Course), 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Cyclopedia of Anatomy, &c., edited by R. B. Todd, Vol. II., royal 8vo. 3s. 10s.—The Anatomist's Manual, by J. P. Maygrier, 1cap. 7s.—J. Ray on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity, with Essay by Dr. Spillan, 12mo. 6s.—The Modern Literature of France, by G. W. M. Reynolds, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.—Freyl's Hebrew Grammar, 10th edition, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Martin's Conveyancing, by C. Davidson, Vol. II., Part II., royal 8vo. 15s.—The Agricultural Calculator, by R. Solomon, 24mo. 3s.—Manual of the Law of Scotland, by J. H. Burton, 12mo. 9s. 6d.—Max Wentworth, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Lisars' Text-Book of Anatomy, Part I., 12mo. 6s.—What is an Egg worth? or, the Blessings of Providence, square. 2s.—Mrs. Barron's Course of Reading and Instruction, 18mo. 2s.—Affection's Keenkeeper, 1840. 2s. 6d.—Pictorial Keenkeeper, 1840, 1cap. 10s. 6d.—Friendship's Offering, 1840, 1cap. 13s.—Researches, Physiological and Anatomical, by J. Davy, M.D., 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 10	From 56 to 62	29.97 to 29.62
Friday .. 11	49 .. 66	29.56 .. 29.55
Saturday .. 12	48 .. 60	29.74 .. 29.89
Sunday .. 13	43 .. 57	29.94 .. 29.92
Monday .. 14	36 .. 50	29.85 .. 29.80
Tuesday .. 15	39 .. 55	29.74 .. 29.84
Wednesday 16	38 .. 55	29.94 .. 29.97

Prevailing wind, S.W.  
Except the mornings of the 10th and 15th, generally clear; rain fell on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 16th. Lightning during the evening of the 11th.

Aurora borealis very brilliant, with coruscations of a deep crimson color, extending from west to east, on the evening of the 13th, from 8 till half-past.

Rain fallen, .475 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Cure of Stammering.*—It will save trouble to ourselves and to our correspondents, who, either personally or by writing, have sought information from us on this subject, to state that Mr. Hunt, to whose wonderfully easy, immediate, and efficacious cure of stammering, this Journal has borne testimony, has resumed his residence in London. Not having made *memoranda* of some of these occasions, and having had the particulars driven from our memory by various matters since, we have no other way of acquiring ourselves to those friends and readers whom it is always our wish to oblige.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I saw to-day an assertion in your paper of Saturday last, that Mr. Charles Matthews (senior), in the Life of her late husband, has "some hard hitting at poor Benson Hill"; the lady does not mention my name, but, since you have done so, I beg that you will refer your readers to "The Atlas" and "Observer" of the 6th inst. wherein they will find letters on the subject, proving that the "hitting" was not aimed with truth, and is likelier to rebound against the lady than to hurt me or mine. Fair, also, "Home Service." We should pride in any honest man's sympathy, under poverty, not induced by illness or extravagance of our own; but we shall not require mere pity, until we take some dishonouring road to riches—which, spite numerous examples of the kind, we never will do, let our enemies insinuate what they like. You, Sir, I regard as our friend; if you are, as I believe you, a friend to justice, in which belief I am respectfully yours, and resigned to avow that I remain—poor  
Brompton, October 11th, 1839. BENSON HILL.

Mr. Tattam.—We had intended to add a note to our own correspondence (see p. 638, No. 1185), but omitted it through an oversight. Mr. Tattam, whose Eastern travel and search for Coptic MSS. are there referred to, has been, we believe, most successful in collecting ancient records of great interest and value, and is now in Italy on his return home, laden with these literary and Scriptural treasures.—Ed. L. G.

"Geonome" will find a letter at our office.  
ERRATUM.—In our last No., page 652, col. 2, line 45, for "gratified" read "qualified."

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

#### TO ADVERTISERS.—ANTI-CORN

LAW CIRCULAR.—Arrangements have been made for making this paper (which is a stamped periodical) a medium for advertisements; to commence with the 15th number, to be published on the 20th October. Orders will be received for the publisher at the office of the Anti-Corn Law Association, Newall's Buildings, Market Street, Manchester. Of the first thirteen numbers, upwards of one hundred thousand copies have been circulated in all parts of the kingdom. Its Subscribers include the most eminent Merchants and Manufacturers in the Kingdom, the Peerage, and Members of the House of Commons. It is supplied to all the principal Reading-rooms, Club-houses, Hotels, &c. &c. in Great Britain.—Advertisements must be sent on or before the Friday preceding publication.

#### WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

THE first General Meeting of this Society will be held on Saturday Evening next (Oct. 19th), at the Society's Rooms, Euter Hall, Strand, upon which occasion Mr. Marson will read a paper upon Various Ophthalmia. The chair will be taken at Eight o'clock.

E. J. CHANCE, Hon. Sec.

#### CROSBY HALL.

PREMIUM to the Amount of ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS will be awarded for the most approved Graphical and Anatomical Illustrations of St. Helen's Parish, Gresham College, and Crosby Hall, where the conditions may be obtained, or from Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. 45 Cornhill.

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